National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press, South.

A correspondent of the [Augusta Ga.] *Republic* commenced, some months since, a series of communications to the editor of the Christian Review. In one of them he says:

* * Not merely your Mann's and Dix's rant and foam on the subject, but your Adam's and Webster's have had their towering minds so far befogged by the foul fumes of this disorganizing spirit as to lend their influence to the abolition faction. And what is yet more alarming, this foul spirit has not only fallen upon and warped the judgment of your most distinguished politicians who in prospect of human greatness have sought honour, one of another, and not the honour that cometh from God only, who through their toilsome struggle in climbing the rugged mountain of fame, have found no time to examine minutely the lively oracles, and make themselves acquainted with the God of the Bible; but this abolition fanaticism has also thrown its pestilential vapours into the departments of religion, and infected and blinded the minds of many who profess to seek for the truth as it is in Jesus. Even many among you who occupy the sacred desk, instead of feeding their flocks with the sincere milk of the word, desecrate the Sabbath, and its solemn services, in hurling towards Southern slaveholders the poisoned shafts of abolition agitation, which, however, fell not upon us, but with a double vengeance upon themselves and their congregations, proving, in truth, to be a savour of death unto death. For the consequence is, as might be expected, that those who undertake to fight against the God of the Bible, must fall in the fearful conflict. Many of the strong abolition Ministers of the North, forsaken by the restraining grace of God, have been permitted to fall into gross sins, and others into open apostacy, or into the adoption of some one of the prevailing heresies abounding in the land of Edwards and Dwight, once distinguished for cherishing the orthodox faith of the gospel. The fate of Garrison, and other Abolitionists, who led the van in the faction, and who finding the Bible opposed to their views, cast it off utterly, ought to be a beacon of alarm, to those who feel in their bosoms the unhallowed flame of fanatical agitation, but who may as yet not have arrived at the point of open infidelity. We ask if it is not a fearful fact that Socineanism, Universalism, Deism, Socialism, Fourierism, Millerism, and perhaps other isms, that might be directly or indirectly sustained by Mr. Jefferson's expurgated Bible, aided by Mr. Wayland's book, perverting God's code of morals, are not fast sweeping over the once Puritan land of New England? The reason is obvious. It is because the blighting curse of God must soon fall upon any people who pervert his truth, and oppose themselves to his constituted appointments. And should this demoralizing, truth-perverting, God-dishonouring, soul-destroying spirit of fanaticism, be permitted to continue its march, under the banner of Abolitionism, unarrested by God, its legitimate results must be the prostration of the ramparts of law and justice. And the spirit of mobocracy, in politics, must fling the besom of the levelling system across their land; and the spirit of Atheism, in religion, throw its withering curse over the last remains of pilgrim puritanism.

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We invite any, who are not blinded to madness, to look into this holy, wise and merciful work of the beneficent creator. And in defending the character of the Christian's God, as the author of Southern Slavery, we only ask that its history may be traced. Go back, then, into the wilds of Africa, and see two of her savage tribes engaged in the din of deadly battle. The one, and perhaps not the aggressor, proves victorious in the conflict. And now the brooding spirit of the God of mercy says to the conquering party, do not butcher your captives, though they may have unjustly assailed you, and, if conquering, might have put you to death and paved their yards with your skulls, as many savage tribes of your country often do with their captured enemies; but do you act upon the principle of mercy and benevolence. Make them your servants—turn them into your money,—and then they will be grateful to you, and you will love and protect them. The Divine influence prevailed over their savage minds, the poor captives, destined to destruction, were spared by their conquerors, and became their kind and submissive slaves. But to go back to the case recorded in the ninth of Genesis, when Ham and his son Canaan, through whom Ham's descendants are subjected to the prophet, arose, had committed a most atrocious offence of some kind, was it not wondrous mercy in God, instead of the decapitation of Ham to simply punish him in Canaan, the first son, perhaps, born to him after the offence, by flattening his head, kinking his hair, and blackening his skin, and turning him loose, with his mind in chains, to be a servant of servants to his brethren, thus giving him time and opportunity for repentance, upon the same principle that the New Englanders confine their free negroes in their Penitentiary, instead of hanging them for crimes. Nor is the wisdom and mercy of God less marked with infinite benevolence, in allowing these captive sons of Canaan to be transported from bondage in their own land of degradation and darkness, to our country, while their enlightenment, and religious opportunities, would not only elevate their civil character, but secure to them gospel privileges, through which thousands of them have rejoiced in past ages, and thousands will rejoice in redeeming mercy, in every generation, down to the judgment trump, at the sound of which, we are told, that every bondman, and every freeman, together with men of every rank and society, (found in impenitency) will say to the mountains and rocks fall on us, and hide us from Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?

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But putting the instiution upon the footing that many of the forefathers of our slaves were kidnapped, though the avaricious dark-hearted thieves "meant it for evil, God meant it for good." And while he holds those avaricious man-stealers responsible to the decisions of the eternal judgment, he has greatly improved the condition of Joseph, by providentially causing him to be thrown into our honest possession, and as the steward of such a trust, we feel bound to take good care of our charge: and God forbid that the vandalism of Yankee and British fanaticism should bring against us any iniquitous Pharoah to wield the sceptre of oppression over them, and in after generations. Your correspondent would insinuate that the fact of our Southern men voting in Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves from Africa, and also to prevent the extension of Slavery to some of the territories, denoted, their disapproval of the institution of Slavery. They voted against the Slave-Trade, not because the condition of the poor slaves would not be vastly bettered, but, mainly, because it was becoming a rather strong temptation to the inquitous sin of Yankee and British kidnapping.

And we think your correspondent's attempt to use as precedents, to entirely justify the unrestrained overleaping of the constitution, those compromises voted for by Southern men, and sanctioned by Southern Presidents, for the sake of the Union, and for the peace of the North, is but one out of many instances of proof that the spirit of Abolitionism is marked by the characteristic trait of basest ingratitude. We hesitate not to assert that all those compromises, admitted by the South to conciliate the North, were founded in injustice. For though we hold that every State who might feel it to be her interest to put out of her limits negro Slavery, should be allowed to do it, if compatible with the rights of her citizens and neighbours. Yet all territory becoming the property of the United States should be held in common by all her citizens, and that all should be entitled, without restraint, to participate in its occupancy. And why should not the people of the South, with their property, and, with the God of justice and mercy overshadowing them, with the protecting banner of his truth, go into New Mexico carrying the flag of the gospel, to unfurl to her inhabitants, debased far below our negroes in civil condition and religious opportunities? Ah, we ask in truth and justice why not? And the sound of this question having reverberated upon the zephyrs of the far West the echo, as the voice of God, back from the mountains of California, thunder forth in truth and justice, why not?

I have no pretention to prophetic vision, but, upon the showing of your correspondent, our slaves are greatly prospering, and the God of heaven has placed not only New, but Old Mexico, in such geographical and climatical juxtaposition to our sunny South, that I know not, but when enlargement for our slaves may require, he who has ever favoured those walking under the banner of truth and righteousness, may open the way in peace and good will too, for his peculiar institution of Slavery to carry its blessings still farther West.

Ah, why we ask, should it not be destined to pass over the battle fields of Mexico to the Halls of the Montezumas, bearing thither this glorious gospel banner, whose motto is glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward man. There not only to give to all classes access to the true religion, to raise the poor Peon to an equality with our slaves in point of religious privileges, but to unshackle his mind fettered in superstition, and elevate him as a descendant of Japheth, to a position in the scale of intellectuality far above the point beyond which the sons of Canaan can ever rise, with God's prophetic doom stamped upon their physical and intellectual organs.

From the Charleston (S C) Courier

To the Editor of the Courier:

In a communication made a short time since, published in your paper, I took the position that the Federal Government is without any recognized moral basis, and, as it is a subject of a highly important bearing upon present matters of State, but unobserved by any writer or individual within my acquaintance, I shall set forth my views with more fullness. That I may be more definitely understood, it is first necessary to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the word moral.

By moral I mean a set of principles by which we should be guided in life—principles by which our actions are to be measured—in short, a standard of right and wrong. Moral writers disagree about the particular ground upon which this standard should be reared, but all, in good repute, or that are recognised by the more esteemed portion of the learned, agree in this, that they should include the religious nature of man. As, however, some infidel writers of great reputation for intellectual display, have excludeded it, I shall dwell a little on this point.

What christian, in his heart, would esteem him as moral, who justifies the crucifixion of Christ—that declares that it was right to nail him to a cross, pierce him with thorns and treat him with scoffs, and that denounces him as an imposter and the New [illegible] a selfish and designing priesthood? And on the other hand, what Jew, in his heart, could pronounce him moral, that believes Christ to be the true Messiah, equal to the Father? What true Mahomedan could call the Christian moral, that denounces Mahomet and declares the Alcoran to be a wild fiction? In a word, what religionist could esteem him moral who is guilty of profanity? It is, I know, not uncommonly said, that they are moral who pay their debts, act with sobriety and decency, and live peaceably, but no theist would, in his heart, say that the atheist who performs all these duties is moral, that believes in no final accountability for the deeds done in the flesh, but that he is to share the same destiny with the brute creation. He may coldly run over the task of social duties through intellectual motives, but genuine morality requires more, it requires feeling—it springs from feeling.

But I shall endeavour to elaborate this truth by presenting to the view of the reader a short statement of facts. It appears that the different religions of the world exhibit different social rules of right and wrong through their acts. A Greenlander believes it a duty to bury alive his aged parent. The Fejee it a duty to bury alive his aged parent. The Fejee acts the cannibal with a good conscience and a good appetite. The American Indian destroys his weak infant. The East Indian female throws herself upon the funeral pile of her deceased husband. The Carthagenians thought it a duty to sacrifice infants to Saturn. The virtuous Cato loaned away his wife, and the laws of his country permitted the creditor to divide the body of his debtor. Zenophon, in his character of Cyrus, thought it to be the historian's model of a perfect man, taught the doctrine of retaliation. The Jewish religion inculcates the same, and the Christian that of forbearance. The Greeks, at one time, tolerated a promiscuous intercourse. The Spartans taught their children to steal. But not only different religionists have different social systems of right and wrong, but the same may be said of the different Christian sects. The Seceders believe it wrong to sing in their churches the psalms and hymns of Watts. The Puritans believed it right to burn witches and run red hot irons through the tongue of Quakers. The same sect looked upon pictures with holy horror, and destroyed the paintings of Vandyke. The Covenanters beleive that Slavery is sinful, and so also do most Presbyterians and Methodists in the different parts of the world. The latter had an article in their creed declarng it so. The Quakers believe it wrong to wear any but certain formed clothes. They are also opposed to swearing, even in Courts of Justice, or in fighting for their country. They even require a certain solemn dialect to be used in their intercourse with each other. The Catholics think it wrong to eat flesh on Friday. The Protestants think it right to eat it whenever they can obtain it. But I will not detain the reader with making more examples. They might be multiplied to an almost countless number. His own knowledge of history will supply them. The different systems of religion and the different sects have played an important part in constituting the various standards of right and wrong in social life. A complete moral system, has, in its foundation, the religious nature of man. Now, does the Constitution of the United States include it? Is it anywhere defined in it? Far from it—it expressly forbids it—it declares that no religious test shall be required to hold office. The Atheists may constitute a part, in all its agents! as well as theists—Jews as well as Christians—in short, all religionists and anti-religionists, whatever their peculiar notions may be; and as religion is essential to morality, and as no religions qualification is required, the immoral as well as the moral may hold office. It is true that an oath is required from all that claim office to support the Constitution. But how are you to swear an Atheist? Or what is an oath to an Atheist? An oath is an appeal to the Supreme Being, and, of course, implies the existence of one; yet an Atheist can hold office; for, after the Constitution states that an oath is required, immediately after it adds that "no religious test shall be required"—and how could an Atheist hold office without telling a lie, and how could the Government refuse to let him officiate without proving faithless to itself? What an absurdity is here presented. No wonder the Courts have, under such a state of things, been puzzled to decide what constitutes an oath, or who is qualified to take one! The truth is the Constitution of the United States, in this respect, is theoretically absurd, and, of course, practically impossible. It commits, if fairly interpreted, fraticide. It prohibits and destroys the moral breath that gave it being, and attempts to stand upon intellect alone—it is a mere front brain of an Encephalon—a creature endowed with the organs of thought without moral propensities—without life to give it motion. But it has moved, it may be said. It never did move legitimately. It never did move without a religious bias, since the moral life of it came from the States, and they were certainly under Christian influence, and that Sectarian. It never did practice religious toleration without partiality. Its first impulse was under Christian sectarian influence. In short, a Christian sect formed it—a Christian sect set it in motion, and have always continued to move it. The Christian Sabbath was always recognized, and Protestant chaplains paid to preach in its Legislative Hall. The Jewish Sabbath has always been violated and the Christian Sabbath observed.

This question of the moral of the Federal Government, that has, heretofore, from our statesmen commanded no attention, may still appear, to the reader to be an unimportant abstraction—a chimera of a fevered brain—a small matter at most. So it might have been said of the polypus in the animal creation, "a cart-load of which, as was lately said by a distinguished naturalist,' would not make a surface as large and as thick as a sheet of fine paper;" yet this little artificer is the builder of vast islands in the ocean—perhaps the founder and architect of Continents. This question is equally powerful—working at the bottom of Empires. It supplies the explosive principle—the volcano that bursts up States from their lowest foundations, scatters their fragments in wild confusion. This abstraction, as many may be pleased to call it, is not overrated. The pages of history furnish numerous examples of revolution of State—the fall of Empires, and the most bloody conflicts taking their origin from questions of far less importance. It has, indeed, been the most fruitful source of fiendish strife among men.

Man is, at least, triple in his nature, animal, moral, and intellectual. A complete government must contemplate him as such, and must have a moral coextensive with its powers, or its laws to enforce them. The question was long since asked by the Roman poet, "of what avail are empty laws without morals?" But further, each religionist is moral as he is zealous in the behalf and practice of his creed, and as the one is generally an antagonism of the other, the one is irreligious as the other is religious. Hence the religion of the one does not support the social acts of the other. The government of the one cannot be impartially and zealously administered by the other. Every peculiar government then must have its peculiar moral so far, at least, as to give sanction to the exercise of its provisions in legislative enactments, or other matters of a political bearing.

Had the framers of our Federal system settled down upon some definite code of morals, as a standard of right and wrong, by which the government was, through the exercise of its various powers, to be guided—and had it included a moral recognition of Slavery, could this question of abolition now fill us with alarm ana augur the dissolution of this great fabric, designed to protect our liberty? But, unfortunately, there was left, in the foundation of this vast structure, an unsettled spot through which it inclines and begins to totter! Unfortunately the South disregarded the weight of this great political axiom—she disregarded the influence of this moral principle! She entered the confederacy satisfied with a recognition of Slavery in a political point of view—not in a moral, for that she did not ask, for her greatest statesmen viewed Slavery as a moral evil. Jefferson, in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence, charges it as a heavy reproach, upon the British King, that "in open market men were bought and sold," and afterwards he laboured to devise some means to relieve the country of the black population. He, also, inserted the Anti-Slavery clauses in the Ordinance of '87.

Justice Marshall was [illegible] Society. But what was still more unfortunate for us and well calculated to undermine our peculiar institutions—the immorality of Slavery was taught in the nursery, in our primary schools and colleges. Our works on moral philosophy, used in these, were full of declamation against Slavery and slaveholders. Paley's writings, that are still our text book, denounce Slavery as "an abominable tyranny," and destined to disappear with the progress of the Christian religion. Many of our clergy also have been very unsound on this point. Even the creed of a large and powerful religious sect pronounced our institution on this subject, sinful. How preposterous to expect our political rights, set forth in the Federal Compact, could be safe while we are teaching our children, who were to be our future statesmen, that their rights were sinful! It is, indeed, strange that, in the public schools, that have been reared by the State—supported by the money of the slaveholder arising from slave-labour—yea, that in the Colleges which have received annual donations of large sums from the State Treasury, Slavery has been taught to be immoral! How improvident have we been! How faithless to our peculiar interests! But what is still stranger, with such conduct on our part, that from the North, who believe they have no pecuniary interest in Slavery, but a political one against it—where the sinfulness of Slavery has been thundered from the pulpit and the press ever since the formation of the Government, and inculcated upon the tender feelings in the nursery, through words and horrible pictures. I say it is still stranger that, from that quarter, we should have expected no legislative opposition!

But there is another view of this question that exhibits the bad effects of a want of moral in the Government—a view that must be very painful to the conscientious man, to the lover of consistency, and to himthat fully appreciates the solemnity of an oath. Ever since the Government has moved, its officers have been sworn to support the Constitution, and yet nearly all from the North and many from the South have believed one of its most important provisions sinful—I mean that of Slavery. Conscientious as statesmen should be, swearing to support that which they believed to be sinful! What a picture of morality! But I know that the multitude are prepared to say this is a small matter. Let me tell these gentlemen of lax morals, or no conscience, that history will inform them that many Governments, drawn up with finer moral exactness and administered accordingly, are long since numbered among the things that have been seen. Had the morals of the Government required its officers to act according to their oath, we should not now perhaps complain of legislative injustice, and despair of the Republic.

I have now finished my effort to prove that there is no moral in the Federal Government, and that this truth has an important bearing upon present matters of State. I have set forth the evils, the reader may inquire, is there no remedy? To expect, at this time, in the midst of so many conflicting religionists and infidels, to introduce a moral unit into the Federal Constitution, would, indeed, be wild. But so far as the South alone is concerned, she is not without a partial remedy. Here it is, in a few words. Let the clergy, the conservators of morals, teach the public, and teach zealously, that Slavery is moral—and, on the other hand, that abolition is sinful, and destined, if carried out, to be fraught with the most direful results. Let parents inculcate the same in the nursery and teachers in their schools. Let them, moreover, exclude all books that are against our institutions and introduce such as support them; and with our people sound on this subject, we can defy the fanatics of the North. Should they, then, become a constitutional majority and legislate us out of the Union, on their own head be the blame. We will be prepared in moral feeling—we will be able to defend our rights.

J. F. G. MITTAG.

The Southern Press, North.

From the [Detroit] Daily Advertiser.

Extremes Meet.—In South Carolina, on the 4th of July, the Slavery advocates held a nullification celebration at Orangeburg. The "fustian flag" waved proudly over the authors of sentiments, speeches, and toasts which denied the binding force of the National Constitution, which cast sneers and obloquy upon the memory of its founders, and which treated the Union, of which that Constitution is the great cap-stone, as a bye-word and a mockery. It was then and there proclaimed by the orator of the day, as a great political axiom, that it is of "immeasurably superior importance to *preserve the slave institutions, than to preserve the Union.*" The Declaration of Independence was spurned—its sentiments were openly repudiated—and in its place was read John C. Calhoun's manifesto!

Slavery holds in her bonds no greater slave than the slave's master. A slave is he to the basest self-interest, to those most grovelling passions, lust, avarice, and love of power, and more abject far in the scale of moral being is he than the tyrant's victims. By the influence of these passions, is he impelled to deny the wisdom and patriotism of his fathers, to vilify the noblest institutions of his country, and to celebrate over the board spread with bounties, his own skepticism and unbelief in the wisdom and goodness of Divine Providence. While the panegyrist of the scourge and chain is erecting the breath of his slander over a banquet spread in honour of a nation's jubilee, the other moral extreme, the abolition maniac of Massachusetts, ever nearest in effect to its opposite, at the same hour of the day, is at work at Abington, busy with denunciation of the same high and holy instrument, the Constitution of the United States; with the same traitorous and black desires for the dissolution of the Union, and all for the avowed reason that Slavery is protected and propagated by that instrument.

Can wise, patriotic and virtuous men doubt that the path of wisdom, patriotism and duty lies within the lines of both of these schools of fanatics. Can *such* blind themselves to the *fact* that the factionists of the North and the factionists at the South are working together in the common cause of nullification, and to the common end of National dishonour, with this difference only, that the Southern maniacs appear to have a motive, and for that reason as regarding the ordinary principles which govern human nature, less culpable? While we would not blind the eyes of our readers to the existence of these disgusting exhibitions, we would call to their minds that through the wide expanse of the Union from thousands of gatherings, by the way-side, under the leafy tent of the woods, under the marble dome and beneath the shadow of the sacred spire, at the same hour at which the scenes which we have described were enacted—went up from a grateful people to an all-seeing God, an universal prayer for the perpetuity of that Union, and a general hymn of praise for the blessings which that Constitution has secured.

From the Boston Atlas.

The South Carolina and Massachusetts Disunionists.—The Charleston (South Carolina) papers bring us intelligence of a Nullification celebration, at Orangeburg, in that State, on the 4th of July. There is nothing in that State which can be dignified with the name of public sentiment. True, they have Governors, Senators, Generals, and Colonels, and other high-sounding names; but the public sentiment of South Carolina is the voice of John C. Calhoun, and therefore, whatever is given forth as the public sentiment of that State, may be considered as his views and those of the clique who worship him. We are aware that there is in South Carolina a respectable minority, who regard the treasonable designs of the Calhounists with abhorrence and disgust; but as yet they are overshadowed by the powers that be. Should a crisis, however, ever arrive, when a serious, determined effort is to be made to dissever this Union, they will be found at their post, ready to stand by the Constitution and laws.

At the 4th of July meeting referred to, an oration was delivered by *Gen.* D. F. Jamison, which reeked with Slavery and disunion. Slavery is stated to be the true adaptation of labour in a Republican Government, and it is also proclaimed that it is of im- *institutions, than to preserve the Union.* It [illegible] of toasts were also given, from the mass of which we copy the following:

[We omit the toasts]

How well do these toasts and the oration referred to, prove the truth of the old adage, that extremes meet. On the very day when this meeting was being held at Orangeburg, South Carolina, another meeting composed of the extreme Anti-Slavery disunionists was held in the town of Abington, in Massachusetts, and at which sentiments were uttered exactly similar as regards the union of the States. Both meetings advocated a dissolution of the Union, though for very opposite reasons. Those at Orangeburg, because the Union was detrimental to the existence and spread of human Slavery, and those at Abington, because the Union was the safeguard and protector of Slavery. In one other point they differed. At Orangeburg, they *refused to read the Declaration of Independence*, and read instead the Southern Calhoun Manifesto. At Abington, we believe the Declaration was read.

We are not disposed to give undue prominence to these disgusting, traitorous exhibitions. Throughout the wide expanse of the Union, the people met on the glorious Fourth, in ten thousand villages to celebrate the day, to offer up their thanks to the Supreme Ruler of Nations, that He has blessed the Union formed by their fathers, and cemented with their blood. Put these in comparison with the feeble nullification outbursts at Orangeburg and Abington, and one will appear like the rush of waters over Niagara, and the other like the mere spray that rises therefrom. Nullification is a word that has already lost its force, for it is a word that has no strong arm to enforce its meaning.

From the Albany Atlas.

A Glorious Sentiment.—The following toast was given by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, on the Fourth:—

Our country—our whole country, from ocean to ocean—it has outgrown everything but our affection—may peace, liberty and union be its portion forever—(cheers.)

There spoke the true patriot—and if all our public men were imbued with as lofty a patriotism as Mr. Winthrop, the wretched jangling between the North and South, which now makes all good men grieve, would be at an end. Boston has of late presented to the country very remarkable specimens of disorganizers and disunionists. The toast of Mr. Winthrop, therefore, is peculiarly refreshing, when contrasted with the drivel of those treasonable asses, the Garrisonians.

Yes! our country—our *whole* country, from ocean to ocean. Virginia as well as Massachusetts—California as well as New York—and the curse of every true patriot upon the miscreants who shall dare to disturb its peace, liberty, and union.

From the West Jerseyman.

☞ The Ultra Abolition Celebration of "the Fourth," was held in a grove about twenty miles from Boston. There was much spouting, some eating, but more lamentation than rejoicing. Indeed, there seems a striking inconsistency in their attempting to celebrate an event which originated a Constitution which they anathematize, and a nation they repudiate. The Star Spangled Banner was excluded from the ground, but a motto was found upon one of their triumphal arches to the effect, "The world is our country, and all mankind our brethren." Comprehensive nationality to be sure—but rather heterogeneous in material to admit of assimilation or government.

Selections.

C. M. CLAY'S ACCOUNT OF THF FOXTOWN RECONTRE.

July 2, 1849.

Dear Sir:—Justice to the living and the dead requires that the melancholy events of the 15th of June should be truly stated. Squire Turner is one of the pro-slavery candidates in the county of Madison for the Convention. He opened the canvass by denouncing the emancipationists in a public speech in the town of Richmond, at April court. I replied to him, and vindicated the patriotism and principles of that party. I then distinctly avowed that in no emergency would I allow personal feelings to heighten that excitement which necessarily follows discussion of the subject of Slavery. A similar debate took place in May. About this time, it began to be rumoured that I would not be allowed to speak again in this county. The friends of Mr. Turner were said to complain that I, being no candidate, followed him in debate. I said to them, and Mr. Turner, that if he would abstain from denouncing us—the emancipationists—I should not feel myself compelled to answer his speeches. About the second week of May, a third, and similar debate took place at Elzie Million's. My friends supposed from rumours that I would be personally assaulted that day. On that occasion, Richard Runyon asked me if I adopted the platform of the Frankfort Convention, of the 25th of April; I replied, that I did; he then said I occupied "damned broad ground;" I mildly replied, that I hoped always to base my actions upon broad principles. I then regarded Runyon as attempting to provoke a quarrel, but let it pass, and said nothing to any one.

At Waldin's muster, on the 14th of June, it was agreed among the candidates and myself that each should speak one hour; Mr. Willis to precede, Mr. Chenault was to follow, I was to speak next, and then Mr. Turner. As soon as Chenault closed, Turner, in violation of the agreement, took the stand, giving as his apology that the people were going home. I took it good-humouredly, remarking that the people always staid when I was expected to speak. The debate continued until near sundown, when it was concluded courteously on all sides.

On the 15th, I packed my carpet-bag, expecting to be absent from my family a week, intending to speak at Foxtown, the Glade, Irvine, and other places, before my return home. I arrived at Foxtown about 1 o'clock. So soon as I got there, feeling very much exhausted by much travelling and speaking of late, I asked Curtis F. Burnham, Esq., son of Thompson Burnham, the emancipation candidate for the Convention, to speak in my place, as I felt actually worn out; to which he at length reluctantly assented. Mr. Willis led off as usual in a short speech; Mr. Turner followed, in a speech far more inflammatory and injurious to me personally than any he had hitherto made. He read extracts from the celebrated article in the *True American*, which was the ostensible cause of the mob of the 18th of August; he attributed the late stampede of the slaves of Fayette to the *True American;* he denounced the editors of the *Louisville Examiner* as holding treasonable correspondence with the Abolitionists of Ohio; and read from the writings of the Garrisonian Abolitionists the most bitter denunciations of Slaveholders. I approached the stand, and asked that, inasmuch as I would have no opportunity to reply, he would allow me to make an explanation; he being silent, I proceeded to say that the article which he read from the *True American* was written by a Southern slaveholder, whose views were different from mine, as avowed in the same number in which it appeared; that I had been slandered during my visit to the North a short time previous, and the Kentucky press had refused me the privilege of simple self-defence; in consequence, I had been very liberal in my paper, avowedly allowing, even in the editorial columns, articles of very dissimilar sentiments; and that I thought Mr. Turner was hard pressed to be compelled to go back four years to bring up objectionable matter in the discussion. This explanation only occupied a minute or two; Turner replied by denying that he had used the name of *True American.* I told him it mattered not, as everybody knew his allusion. He then proceeded uninterruptedly for one hour; I then asked him if he intended to divide the time, according to agreement the day before; he made an evasive reply, amid cries of "go on," and absolutely gave no direct answer. In the meantime, I drew out my watch, and remarked that he had been speaking two hours, it [illegible] been mistaken in subtracting [illegible] Thomas Turner, his second son, then stepped up to my side, menacingly, and said I was mistaken, it was but one hour; the cries "go on" continuing, I said nothing more.

I now began to feel for the first time that there was a concerted purpose to defame, silence, and perhaps assault me. I went into the room where my carpet-bag was lodged, and put on a knife seven inches in length, and an inch and an eighth in breadth, which I usually carry for self-defence, and returned to the stand; for my instincts as a man, as well as my usefulness as a citizen, had determined me never to submit to personal indignity, I do not deny that I have other and more efficient weapons of defence than this knife, but so slight was my apprehension of assault that I was lulled into false security. When Mr. Turner had concluded his address, determining to be clearly in the right, I asked his pardon for mistaking the hour, saying that I thought it had been two hours when it had been but one. So far from accepting my apology, he dryly remarked, that no doubt I thought his speech four hours long, instead of two. This I also bore in silence. I then ascended the stand, and said that yesterday, at Waldin's, Mr. Turner agreed that I should speak first; and yet, without any notice, he occupied the stand in violation of his own agreement, and now to-day he is the first up again, and refuses to assent to any compromise. I claim, both from the theory of the Government and from the practice of all parties, that Mr. Burnam, the emancipation candidate, has an equal right to be heard, either through himself, his son, or some friend before the people; I presume there is not a man present who will deny the justice of this claim. I do not ask to be heard myself; my interruption of Mr. Turner was not on my own account, but that my friend, Mr. Burnam, who desires to address you, should have a fair distribution of the time. After some other irrelevant explanation with regard to Chenault, myself, and Turner, I was about to resume my seat, when I was questioned by Richard Runyon. He asked me if I had not asserted that the school bonds were burnt; I told him I had; he then said it was not true. I replied that it *was* true, and referred him to the act and the school commissioner's report; and, remembering that this was the same man who had insulted me at Million's, who was currently reported to be Turner's agent at the meeting held in Richmond, of the original friends of constitutional reform, in presenting resolutions, I pursued him with just indignation: "Yes, sir, you voted for the bill to burn; by your own admission you are guilty, and therefore you are sensitive. Ask your master here, whose tool you are, if I state not the truth." I was about getting down from the stand, when Mr. Turner again ascended the stand, and disclaimed that Runyon was his tool. I then said, "He makes himself your tool—your willing tool—and stepped off the stand. I then remarked, in an undertone, that this was the second time that Runyon had attempted to raise a row with me. Cyrus Turner (the eldest son of S. Turner) immediately gave me the damn lie and struck me simultaneously. Cyrus Turner and myself had heretofore been upon friendly terms; I had not spoken to him that day; I did not address my remarks to him; I therefore regarded him as following in the wake of Runyon. I threw off my cloak and attempted to draw my knife. C. Turner caught my hand, but I at length succeeded in drawing it. As quick as thought, my hand was seized by a third party. Turner then let me go, and commenced striking me feebly in the face with his fist; and the knife was wrested from my hand. I then struck Turner a violent blow on his left cheek with my right hand, which staggered him back against the crowd; whether he fell or not, I don't know. Being assailed from behind, I turned, and seeing my knife in the possession of some person, for which apparently there seemed to be a struggle, I seized it with my right hand, and, by twisting it with my left, (cutting three of my fingers,) I succeeded in recovering it. For a short time I was insensible, probably the effect of violent blows; I then heard the bursting of a cap; I found I was unable to see, I therefore retreated a few paces out of the dense crowd. My son, Warfield, fourteen years old, came up to me, and offered me an old pistol, three inch barrel, which I had given him some years before; this I rejected, as an inefficient weapon. So soon as I recovered my sight, and perceived where Cyrus Turner was, I made towards him; he retreated with the crowd. The crowd giving way behind him, he fell, when I attempted to strike, or did strike, him in the abdomen with my knife. I was then borne away, believing myself mortally wounded. I appealed to the crowd to witness that I fell in defence of the liberties of the people.

My first impression was, that the man who took my knife from me had stabbed me with my own knife, but every one who has seen the wound and the knife, professional and unprofessional, pronounce it physically impossible. I was struck on the fifth right rib, the knife turned partially round and passed up in the direction of the left breast. I do not remember at what time I was stabbed; I know neither who took the knife, nor who stabbed me; Cyrus Turner admitted that he did not. I know not who struck me. It is admitted on all hands, by friend and foe, that Alfred Turner (cousin of Squire Turner) struck me several blows with a stick. Thomas Turner admits that he burst three caps at me with a six barrel revolver, and was proceeding to fire on, when my friend, William Wilkerson, threw him under the table; whilst many others, whom I forbear to name at present, seemed to be aiding and abetting. My friend Wiatt Wilkerson was badly cut in the arm with a knife. I supposed for several days that I was stabbed in the right side, near the back bone, but it must have been the result of a severe blow; I suffered acute pain in my right shoulder for near ten days; this, too, was produced by severe blows.

It is probable I had as many friends on the ground as Turner, but they were paralyzed by surprise, whilst I must do my opponents the justice to say, that they acted with a speed, concentration, and energy, worthy of a better cause and better success. After I was borne into the house, I could hear C. Turner's groans in another room; I asked what was his condition; I was told that he was not fatally wounded. I then sent him word "that I rejoiced that I had not given him a mortal wound;" he returned for answer, 'that he had not stabbed me;" and I understood, before his death, imputed no blame to me.

Truth requires me to say that Cyrus Turner's life and character had inspired me with the same respect which is felt by the citizens of Madison county generally. Whilst I regret his death, *not upon me,* rests the responsibility of its necessity.

Now, in the third week, I still linger and suffer from the wonnd, unable to have my bed made up. In this condition, I have dictated the preceding statement to an emanuensis.

C. M. Clay.

T. I. Goddin, Esq.

R. Runyon's Statement.

Richmond, Ky., July 4, 1849.

Mr. Goddin: On the second inst, C. M. Clay, and on the 3d, the friends of his unfortunate victim, Cyrus Turner, published their respective accounts of the Foxtown tragedy.

My name is mentioned in both of them, and I now see, for the first time, how the most peaceable and quiet citizen may, without his knowledge or consent, be dragged before the public, and implicated in anything, when such a man as C. M. Clay had an object to effect. His paper seems to imply that I had interrupted him in his speech at Elzie Million's. No human being will say that I did, or that I ever did on any occasion in my life. I saw him at Million's in the morning, spoke to him as a friend, as I always do to all my acquaintances. I might have had some conversation with him—I might, in a humorous way, have used the words he imputes to me—but I have no recollection of it; and if, as he says, he then regarded me as attempting to provoke a raise a row with him as without the shadow of truth.

If Clay is willing to do justice, or to tell the truth, he will admit, that during the week preceding the Foxtown affair, he and I accidentally met at the dinner table at Ballard's Hotel, in Richmond, and during the friendly conversation which we then had, I told him with perfect frankness and good humour that I intended to become a candidate myself during the musters, and if I did, I would claim the right to be heard from the stand; and that gentlemen who were not candidates for office ought to give way, and give me a chance. He said, certainly, that courtesy was always extended to a candidate. The conversation continued in the portico about various matters, and among other things he gave me an account of a debate he recently had with W. C. Marshall, Esq., of Bracken.

He said he had charged upon the pro-slavery party the burning of the State bonds, by an act of the Legislature of 1845, in order to destroy the school fund; and that Marshall had pledged himself, if such was the fact, he would come over and join his party. He also spoke of the letter he had written to him, holding him to his pledge; the same, I presume, which appeared in the *Maysville Herald* of the 20th June. It was also mentioned that I was in the Legislature that session, and had voted for that act, and that I and my colleagues would be held responsible for it before the people.

I remarked that I could explain that matter, and, if a candidate, would do so. He had dwelt long upon this matter in all his speeches, and attempted to make great capital out of it.

I went to Foxtown, on the 15th of June, for the purpose of declaring myself. I listened to none of the speeches that day. I went near the stand once or twice, to see when the speakers would probably close. When I last went there, Clay was concluding a speech and getting down. I started to see if I could get the stand, as I had not heard his speech, and did not know what he had said, and supposed he had made his usual speech, it occurred to me that I had better ask him if he had made any reference to the matters stated above, as I wished to explain it, and felt bound to do so. I felt free to do so, as I knew of no ill feeling between us. I certainly had none towards him. And I did ask him that single question—politely—when, to my utter surprise, he belched from the stand the offensive language he has given in his paper. Various replies have been imputed to me at this time. It makes no difference what I said; the world will forgive me for the worst I could have said. Clay leaped from the stand, with his cloak around him to conceal his weapons, and commenced begging off from Major Turner, by heaping additional insults upon me, telling him I was his "willing tool," and started towards me. The crowd closed between us, and the fight instantly ensued. I did not comprehend how it arose, but supposed some personal friend of mine had slapped him in the face, for the unprovoked insult he had offered to me, knowing that I was not able at the time to fight Clay, and with difficulty to walk. This is all that I saw of the affair, and I could not learn its true history until some minutes afterwards. I utterly deny that there was anything improper or equivocal in my position or manner at the time. I thought then, and still think, that Clay well knew why I was approaching the stand, and that at such a time I could have had no wish to raise a row, or incur the hostility of any man or party. No man in his senses can believe that I did. His whole conduct was a manœuvre for political effect, and to raise a party against me at the outset.

I have no objection to Mr. Clay or any other man's attempting to excuse his conduct; but if he undertakes to do so by slandering me, I will make it recoil upon his own head. It will meet with the condemnation of a just community.

I am a much younger man than Mr. Clay: his name and reputation are far more widely spread than mine, and his statements may injure me where I am not known; but here, in Madison, where both of us were born and now reside, it never can; for I am his equal in everything but age, wealth, and arrogant pretensions.

He says when he put on that knife, "seven inches long, and one inch and an eighth in breadth," "his instincts as a man, and his usefulness as a citizen, had determined him never to submit to personal indignity." Does he not reflect that

of constitutional reform in Richmond." Great God! Can I not go to a public meeting like other citizens without having my motives slandered? I was at that meeting as one of "the original friends of constitutional reform," and opposed the nomination of candidates, because I thought the meeting too small to take that responsibility; and four-fifths of those present agreed with me. And if any poor, pitiful politician, who perhaps expected to get a nomination there, has "currently reported" that I was any man's "agent," he has uttered a fool's *lie*.

I know not what consolation a guilty man may feel in attempting to lay the blame of his folly, his crimes, and his misfortunes, at the door of another. But if the curse of Cain rests heavily on his soul, no slander of the living will lighten his load.

I now say and proclaim, in the name of the people of Madison, that any emancipationist can come here and address any crowd of us, and be treated with attention and respect. He need not pack a carpet-bag with a "knife seven inches long, and an inch and an eighth in width," "and other more efficient weapons." He will find every man in Madison, (I only excepted,) who bears my name, his warm political friend, and a most strenuous Emancipationist.

And I say to them now, that if Emancipation be the cause of liberty—if the cause of liberty be God's cause—and they permit a man of violence and blood to thrust himself amongst them and assume to be their leader, God himself will damn that cause, and blast all its hopes, till better men in better times shall become its defenders.

In this quiet community of ours, there never has been any occasion to shed one drop of blood for that or any other cause. There is no need of pistol, bowie knife, bludgeon, or armed desperado, with personal insult in his mouth, to advocate that cause. Its mission and policy are peace; and by peace alone, if ever, will it finally prevail.

No one has regretted the fate of Cyrus Turner more deeply than I. He had been my schoolmate for many years. I had ever been his warm personal and political friend, and believe he had always been mine. I have been forced to feel it more sensibly from the fact that my position at the time was seized upon by my enemies, and sent forth to the world, perverted, unexplained, and misunderstood. I did not know he was there.

As for Mr. Clay, I never knew before that he bore me any malice, and he had never given me cause to dislike him until then, and even now I cherish no vindictive feelings towards him. I leave him to the laws of his country, his conscience, and his God.

I regret that both parties in their statements did not relieve me from the necessity of making this publication. E. RUNYON.

From the Richmond (Ky.) Chronicle.

We read the printed statement of C. M. CLAY of the recontre with Cyrus Turner, at Fox-town. We were on the ground, and believe his statement of the occurrences of that day are truly and impartially made out.

I. W. BIGGERSTAFF,	C. L. FOX,
S. W. HARBER,	M. D. HALL,
C. C. HARRIS,	W. F. WHITE,
THO. RICHARDSON,	JOEL E. FOX,
J. W. CUNNINGHAM,	W. L. NEALE,
SAMUEL BENNET,	TAC. KOYSE.

July 4, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:—The following is a statement of the friends of Cyrus Turner, deceased, concerning the occurrence at Fox-town on the 15th of June last.

Moses Willis, Thompson Burnam, William Chenault and Major S. Turner were at that time candidates in Madison county, for seats in the convention to remodel the constitution. A regimental muster was held at which these several candidates were present. After the muster was over, Mr. Willis made a speech, no person interrupting him. Maj. S. Turner next addressed the people in a speech of one hour and a half, during which speech, Capt. C. M. Clay, who was not a candidate, interrupted him twice in an excited and unkind manner, and the last time addressed the audience for some minutes. At a call from the crowd on Turner to go on, he proceeded and finished his speech without making any remark that was personal to any one.

Mr. Chenault was about to take the stand, but Clay insisted on it for a few moments, to which Mr. Chenault readily assented. Clay then commenced speaking in a excited manner, and made some severe remarks against Willis or Chenault. Clay then proceeded to state something which he had heard that Maj. Turner had said concerning the candidate Chenault, calculated to excite ill feelings.

Immediately after this, Maj. R. Runyon, who stood in a remote part of the crowd, called on Clay for some explanation of a speech the latter had made the day before at muster, in relation to the action of the Legislature on the Common School fund, when he, Runyon, was a member. An altercation ensued between them, which Maj. Turner very appropriately tried to stop, in order that the speaking might progress. Harsh words ensued between Clay and Runyon, and as the former left the stand, he used language towards Runyon that was very insulting, and connected Maj. Turner with what he said to Runyon. At this time Cyrus Turner, who had been out of the crowd in company with Col. Daniel White and Mr. Wm. W. Moore, came up near the stand in a perfect good humour, when Clay stepped down by his side, making the remark just stated. In the sudden impulse of the moment, considering his father insulted, he pronounced Clay a liar. Clay immediately seized hold of the handle of a dagger which he had upon his person, and Cyrus Turner, who was entirely without arms, struck Clay with his fist, and then caught him by the right arm to prevent his using the dagger. A scuffle ensued and Clay jerked loose from Cyrus Turner, and T. Turner, Jr., a brother of C. Turner, ran in and snapped a pistol at Clay more than once; the pistol missed fire, and none was fired during the affray. At this stage of the struggle some person knocked Cyrus Turner down with a club. Mr. Lowery Beard, of Lexington, saw this part of the difficulty, and described the man who did it to divers persons at the house of Dr. J. S. White, the next day, but did not know his name, and the friends of C. Turner do not know who he was. While Cyrus Turner was lying prostrate on the ground, on his back, caused by the blow of the club, Clay stabbed him in the abdomen, cutting his bowels out, of which wound he died on the morning of the 17th of June, having suffered most intense agony during the period he lived. The deceased said before his death that he did not inflict the wound upon Clay, but by no means exonerated Clay and others concerned for the part they took in the difficulty. When Clay was trying to stab the deceased, Alfred C. Turner, a distant relation, who had been mustering with a small stick, ran in and struck Clay *once*. There were more than twenty relations of Turner on the ground, and not one of them interferred except as stated.

During the scuffle between the deceased and Clay, the latter was stabbed in the breast, from which he is understood to be fast recovering. No other weapon was seen during the affray with which the stab could have been inflicted, except that used by Clay. The deceased said repeatedly before he died that he thought Clay was stabbed with his own weapon when he jerked his arm from his, Turner's, grasp. Clay himself has said more than once, that he believed he was cut with his own weapon, but supposed it was taken out of his hand. It seems improbable that the dagger was ever taken out of his hand, for all admit that he had it at the termination of the affray. The last act done was the stab Clay gave the deceased, and he was arrested from doing further violence by M. D. Tribble.

The deceased and Capt. Clay had not been unfriendly previous to the fatal difficulty.

Squire Turner states unequivocally, that he never did on any occasion, either in his speeches or in private, treat Capt. Clay or any emancipationist personally unkindly, so far as he recollects. He opposed their principles strenuously, believing them wrong. He further states that he never, directly or indirectly, encouraged any person at any time, to treat Capt. Clay or any other emancipationist unkindly; and he had no idea or expectation one minute before the same took place, of any difficulty between Capt. Clay and himself, or any of his family, or any other person; and he is confident that Cyrus Turner had no such idea a minute before the difficulty occurred. He had no knowledge of any unkind feelings between Major Runyon and Clay, or of any prospect of an altercation between them; on the contrary, he supposed they were entirely friendly and such he believes is the fact. He never did try to instigate Runyon to say or do an unkind thing to Clay and regretted before any misfortune occurred that Runyon said a word to Clay. He does not believe that Runyon could be or ever was used as the tool of any person, and knows he never was so used by him. He is reputed an honourable man and he believes him to be such. He believes the statements of facts drawn up and published by the other friends of Cyrus Turner to be correct and true.

SQUIRE TURNER.

July 3d, 1849.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1849

Fourth of July in Charleston.

The Fourth of July is an anniversary which well deserves commemoration. On that day, ideas which had hitherto been considered as the waking dreams of scholars, beautiful inutilities like the metallic trees of boy-chemists, were first recognized as principles, and embodied in the political creed of a nation. Yet even these ideas were not practically but only theoretically received. This was one of those rare occasions when a whole people, inspired by the resentment of a common injury, and the sympathy of a common struggle, rose for a moment above the plane of circumstances into that of the ideal. In the Declaration of Independence was embodied the youthful aspiration of America.—What Goethe said of the individual is true also of the nation—that there is no hope for it when it has ceased to reverence the dreams of its youth.

In view of the course which events have since taken, perhaps we ought to look upon the Declaration rather in the light of a vow made during peril of shipwreck, or a sick-bed resolution of virtue.

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

But, however this may be, it will be worth our while to see how the Fourth of July was celebrated in some parts of our Confederacy.

It could hardly be expected that South Carolina would permit so fine an opportunity for fustian to pass by unimproved, or that she would be content with any ordinary way of expressing her patriotism. Her position among her sister States is somewhat like that of Lord Brougham in the English house of peers. No one denies that she possesses many brilliant qualities, nor questions her fatal facility in rendering herself ridiculous. To the true South Carolinian, Charleston is a metropolis to which the rest of the world stands in the relation of a dependent suburb. The view which such a city takes of contemporaneous history is accordingly of considerable (not to say of the first) importance.

A celebration of this kind would of course be incomplete without an oration. In the present instance we have not only an oration, but one pronounced by no less a personage than a General. This in itself may be considered as a circumstance of some significance, since the post is generally conceded to a civilian, and affords the young politician an opportunity to fly the American eagle for the first time. The following is the sketch which the *Charleston Mercury* gives us of the General's discourse:

"Looking beneath the surface of historical events to the hidden causes, perceptible only to the eye of the philosophical reader of history, the orator traced the causes of the American Revolution far back into the history of Europe, and proceeded to show the successive development and progress of the Democratic principle; the various modifications to which it has been subjected by the varying circumstances under which it has been brought into action; the checks and safeguards necessary in the circumstances or character of a people to prevent its excesses; its more recent progress in Europe, and the causes which have produced the tendency there exhibited to perversion and abuse; the causes now in operation and daily increasing in the Northern States of this Union, destined ultimately to prove fatal to free institutions; the superior adaptation of Southern institutions to produce and preserve that conservatism absolutely essential, under Republican forms of Government, to well regulated liberty; the gradual progress and present threatening aspect of the Slavery question, and the utter hopeless and universal ruin which must overtake the South if it be not arrested; the immeasurably superior importance of the preservation of our institutions to the South to [illegible] of the dearest rights, her interests and her happiness."

We do not know how far back in the history of Europe, the orator traced the causes of the American Revolution, but it seems to us that it would have been more philosophical to have looked for its origin in the nature of man. The events of history are not causes but results, and those of modern European history are the results of a movement of the general mind tending steadily in one direction. If the General has looked deep enough to discover that the sacrifice of one class in society to the luxury of another has ever been the conservative element of social organization his philosphic eye must have penetrated to the very mud at the bottom where theory is an easier process than accurate investigation. The great landmarks of Christian history show as distinctly the lines which vindicate the successive subsidences of Privilege, as the surface of the earth does those of ancient sea-levels. No system of government can be secure which has not for its foundation the satisfied intelligence of the governed. Darkness, however it may sometimes be called solid by the poets, is not the safest basis of political institutions. A crude idea of Partnership, becoming ever more and more distinct may be traced through all the varying phases of the social state. Intellect and personal courage, in proportion as these were necessary in the ruder ages to foster and defend that industry to which all communities have owed their permanent well-being, were allowed to draw a larger proportion of the profits. Hence aristocracies whose lion's share was not disputed as long as they contributed their share of mental and physical capital to the common stock. But as the average of the popular intelligence gradually became higher and higher, a re-adjustment of the terms of the partnership became necessary, and the middle class, an aristocracy of wealth, came into being. More recently, Labour which no longer feels the need of protection, and which has learned that it creates capital but is not created by it, has begun to demand a new settlement in which its claims shall be duly regarded.

Our Carolinian orator seems unconscious that there is such a thing as an *anachronism*, and that Slavery is an eminent one. Men talk very sagaciously of this, that, and the other thing as the *conservative element* of society. In England it is the Church or the House of Lords, in America generally it is the Senate, in South Carolina it is Slavery. But this is all the merest gabble. There is no conservatism for society short of the perfection of social Order. One might as well hope to put out Hecla with a candle-extinguisher, as to repress the natural aspirations of man toward a juster and more perfect organization of society, by any such temporary makeshifts. The only conservatism to be depended on must be a system as harmonious and as subject to eternal principles as that of the planets. All that will be necessary will be to allow the laws of social gravitation to act unimpeded. It may be presumptuous in us to argue with a General, but we would suggest to him that it is a singular conservative principle which itself requires to be conserved, and which by the operation of natural and irresistible causes is brought every year nearer and nearer to the point of explosion. That is an expensive species of industry, and conservative only in some sense hitherto unrecognized, which uses up territory instead of rendering it more productive, and whose motive power is the cart-whip. We are afraid after all that the most sensible thing uttered at the Charleston celebration was the following toast offered by a Mr. Clark.

"South Carolina and her institutions, if the rest of the world go crazy."

We confess our sincere belief that this melancholy contingency of universal bedlam will be the only one in which the institutions referred to will have any chance of security. If the rest of the world go crazy, there will be nothing peculiar about South Carolina.

It is certainly a singular circumstance that the Fourth of July should be selected for the delivery of an oration in defence of Slavery. There is something melancholy in it, mingled with a strong sense of the ludicrous. For example: "Edwin De Leon, Esq., editor of the *Telegraph*," gives the following toast,—"The Southern Address, the first step toward a second Declaration of Independence." Fancy a "second Declaration" beginning—All men are *not* born free and equal! Indeed, so great is the repugnance felt in South Carolina toward that famous sentiment of initial equality, that we should not be surprised at a document commencing with the assertion that some men are not born at all, a theory at which Mr. Calhoun more than hinted in his address, as anything we ever heard of. One other toast is worth quoting. It is by "Dr. J. H. Morgan." "Resistance to aggressions upon Southern rights by the whole South if it will; but by South Carolina anyhow, at all hazards, and to the last extremity." This in a city which, as our readers saw last week, was thrown into a tremble by the escape of twenty unarmed negroes from the workhouse! Why, if the protection of the United States were withdrawn, the city of Charleston might be bombarded by a squadron of oysterboats.—J. R. L.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.—The approaching Anniversary of British Emancipation is to be celebrated at least in two places in this country,—at Worcester, Massachusetts, and Milton, on the Hudson river. As we see no notices of meetings called anywhere else to commemorate this great event, and one of such immense importance to our cause, we have come to this conclusion—either that everybody means to be at Worcester or Milton, or that so overcome are they in reflecting upon the stupendous change wrought in society in the West Indies, and so full of thankfulness that slaves exist there no longer, that they dare not trust themselves in public, and mean to hide their emotions at home in prayer and praise. That any man calling himself an Abolitionist can be indifferent to the annual recurrence of this day, so long as we have no such day of our own in the calendar, is of course not to be thought of, so we presume it will be commemorated in one of these two ways. The prayer and praise is very well certainly for those given to that sort of demonstration, but, for our part, we think they would do more good by going to the pic-nic.

We inadvertently said 'on Wednesday next' in our notice last week of the proposed meeting at Milton.—We were not so near the end of July as we thought, but presume nobody was misled by it. Milton, it should have been said also, is in Ulster county on the West, and not in Dutchess, on the East side of the river. We are right now, however, in announcing the meeting to be on WEDNESDAY NEXT, and that it will commence at 10 o'clock in the morning of that day.

We have not yet received notice as to who has accepted, and who has declined, the invitation to be at Milton—except that, we regret to hear, a recent illness confines Robert Purvis at home—but we are informed that Mrs. Mott of Philadelphia, Mrs. Rose of this city, and Rev. Wm. H. Channing, who is spending the summer at Rondout, have been invited in addition to those mentioned last week. By a private letter from Ulster county, we learn that the meeting is anticipated with a good deal of interest in that section of country. "All the country around is in a whirl," writes our correspondent,—a state of things which is as sure to follow a visit of the Fosters anywhere, as the visit of a winnowing machine to a stack of wheat is certain to produce a similar result.

The meeting, we have no doubt, will be a large one, and will have an important bearing upon the future aspect of the cause in Eastern New York.

GEN. CASS.—The ex-candidate has come to the call of the *Union* in a letter far too long for us to copy, almost too long even to read, but from which we learn little that we did not know before, though Gen. Cass's political opponents would have been obliged to him for so explicit a document previous to the election. We do not see, however, though we did not need to be convinced of it, but that General Cass is just as pro-slavery as the South could possibly wish, and that he was vilely slandered by Col. Webb, when he conveyed a contrary impression—though Col. Webb may be unjustly blamed in this matter, as he only said the General was as much [illegible] as himself, which is very likely.

The gist of all that the [illegible] paragraph:

I do not believe there is another country on the face of the earth which would have permitted such a state of things. And how long is it to continue? Is California to become a prey to intestine dissensions in the absence of all law, or is it to be driven to seperate from us because we neglect to discharge one of our first duties—a duty of necessity—that of organizing a government for the people who inhabit it? Those who oppose the Wilmot Proviso on the ground of its unconstitutionality, can never surrender their opinions, and vote for it. Those who have heretofore advocated its adoption may well abandon it, convinced, as they must be, that their object will be as well attained without it as with it. It appears to me one of the most barren questions that ever divided a country; barren in useful results, but fertile in difficulties and dangers. I freely confess that I look with amazement upon the zeal and pertinacity displayed in urging this measure under these circumstances, and augur from them the worst consequences.

MR. CALHOUN has written a long and pungent letter, addressed to the people of the South, in reply to Mr. Benton's speech. We meant to have given an extract of it in this week's paper, but are prevented by a press of other matter.

The Celebration of the Ordinance of 1787.

This Celebration, which has been advertised for several weeks past, 'came off' at Cleveland, the appointed place, on the 17th and 18th inst. It is the first Anniversary of the Ordinance of 1787 which has been thus marked, probably because it never before occurred to anybody that the mere fact of inhibiting Slavery by law from encroaching upon free soil was a thing that needed to be commemorated, and perhaps the less said the better upon the necessity of so guarding free territory in a republic. However this may be, it is clearly a thing to thank God for, now, that there was ever so so much hostility in the United States to Slavery as to prevent its going wherever its advocates saw fit to carry it. So thought the Free-soilers, and hence this Convention at Cleveland.

The (Cleveland) *True Democrat* contains a long report of the proceedings of the meeting, from which we learn that Judge Tappan was the presiding officer, Joel Tiffany, of Cleveland, George Hoadley, of Cincinnati, the Secretaries of the Convention, and Harmon Kingsbury, Ill., Francis D. Parish, Ohio, Henry L. Ellsworth, Indiana, its Vice Presidents. Among the distinguished men who addressed the Convention, we notice the names of Giddings, John Van Buren, Judge Spalding, Ellsworth, &c. All their speeches, as far as they are reported, have a decided Anti-Slavery tone.

The following were the resolutions reported from the Business Committee, and unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The early history of the Republic establishes the following facts:

That Thomas Jefferson, in March 1784, introduced into the Congress of the Confederation, "a plan for the temporary government of the Western Territory," the provisions of which embraced all "the territory ceded, or to be ceded, by the individual States to the United States," and expressly included the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin.

That prominent among its terms was a proviso, "That after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty."

That this plan, now ascertained to have been drawn and engrossed by Thos. Jefferson, only failing of enactment by one vote, (receiving the votes of six States out of the ten present in Congress). But subsequently, on the 13th of July, 1787, an Ordinance for the government of the North west Territory was unanimously passed, which prohibited Slavery or involuntary servitude, almost in the words of the Jefferson Proviso of 1784.

That simultaneously with the extension of the Ordinance of 1787 to all the territory in the possession of the American people, their delegates in the Convention to frame the Constitution, adopted an organic law which contemplated an extinction of the slave traffic, and with other acts and evidences developed a design by the men of the Revolution to limit, localize and discourage Slavery. And

Whereas, The citizens who now enjoy the fruits of the Ordinance of 1787 are summoned by every consideration of humanity and patriotism to renew and perpetuate the Proviso of Freedom over our Western Territories, the District of Columbia, and all other portions of the Union within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. Therefore,

Resolved, That we, the citizens of the States formed from the North-west Territory, having met in Convention, with our friends from other States, to celebrate the Anniversary of the Ordinance of 1787, hold in grateful remembrance the authors of that Ordinance, and particularly Thomas Jefferson, who first drafted the clause to forever prohibit the introduction of Slavery into this Territory.

Resolved, That we believe, with the fathers of the Republic, that Human Slavery is a moral, social and political evil; that the General Government should relieve itself from all responsibility for its existence, and that the full Constitutional power of the Government to prevent the spread of this evil should be exerted now, as it should have been, from the Jeffersonian Ordinance of 1787.

Resolved, That we abhor the policy of partizan politicians, who for political availability have so long sacrificed in National Conventions, the best interests of freedom and humanity.

Resolved, That President Taylor, by allowing his name and influence to be used for the benefit of the slave power, at the close of the late session of Congress, has not only violated the spirit of his pledge not to interfere with the action of Congress, but by threatening through his official organ, to visit the Free Soil arty with "his indignant frown," in case they should do what Southern members of Congress have done without incurring any such frowns, has abundantly shown that the cause of Freedom in the now free territories of New-Mexico and California has nothing to hope, but much to fear, from the present national Administration.

Resolved, That to protect this great interest, and to insure, in other respects, a sound administration of public affairs, it is indispensible that there should be a union of all those who love their country more than mere party, upon the great principles of Human Rights promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and set forth in the inaugural address of its author.

Resolved, That in the spirit of the compact solemnly established by the Ordinance of 1787, between the original States and the people of the North western Territory, we recognize the duty of Congress to resist the toleration of slave territories and the admission of slave States, and to suffer no change in the complexion of the United States Senate except in favour of Freedom, and no addition to the slave representation in the House of Representatives, whatever may be the pretext of Congressional compromise, stipulation or precedent.

Resolved, That the existence of human Slavery at the seat of Government is a foul stain upon the escutcheon of our Republic; and no efforts should be spared to elect Senators and Representatives to Congress who will vote unhesitatingly for the abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, or the removal of the seat of Government to a place consecrated to Free Soil.

Resolved, That this Convention approve the platform of the Free Democracy, which was promulgated at Buffalo in August, 1848, and which has since been sanctioned by every State, slave or free, where the Free Democracy have been organized.

Resolved, That the Free Democracy, in its efforts to restore the original policy of the Government on the subject of Slavery, are only carrying out the true Democratic principles to their legitimate application, and we therefore hail with the greatest satisfaction the efforts now making, and, we rejoice to add, successfully made in Vermont and some other States to bring up the old Democracy to the Platform of Freedom, and dissolve the bonds of its unnatural alliance with the slave power.

Resolved, That we witness with great satisfaction the triumphant appeal which Thomas H. Benton is making to the people of Missouri, sustaining fully one of the great principles of Democracy, to wit: the constitutional power of Congress to legislate for Freedom, even to the exclusion of Slavery.

Mr. John Van Buren was received with great enthusiasm by the meeting. His speech is reported in full in the *True Democrat*; we copy a considerable portion of it, and all, we think, that our readers will care to see. After defending his course in the late Presidential election, he proceeded:

Let me congratulate you, now gentlemen, upon the great change *now going on* in the public mind;—a change which has brought out THOMAS H. BENTON, a man of power in his party, living in a slaveholding State, and holding slaves himself. As I remarked, I took a copy of his speech with me, but have lost it, and am now obliged to have recourse to a part of it, as published in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*. This will furnish me with that to which I wish to call your attention.

It is gratifying to observe the change that has been wrought—to find Col. Benton, a leader of the Cass party, an ancient and very eminent Democrat, defining his position upon the great question, and planting himself, in opposition to the extension of the institution of Slavery. In his speech, delivered at Jefferson city, Col. B. demon[illegible] question of Slavery; but that *that* prerogative belongs entirely and exclusively to Congress. To be sure, the Colonel complains of the treatment which he received from the Democrats of New York, when he visited them last Summer, to persuade them to vote for Cass, and deals out to them some sharp censure. They did not blackguard him outright, he avers; but bitterly reproached him. Now, I believe in this, the Col. does himself injustice. He was mistaken. He had *more* influence than he thinks. The Democracy of New York had been proscribed. A Presidential candidate had been *thrust* in their teeth who believed directly opposite to them upon a *cardinal* question. The differences of opinion among them, were trivial. The dissenters from their views, and the supporters of Cass, amounted only to a small faction. Col. Benton came among them, an old old and revered Democrat, who would have been elected, by them, with acclamation, Lieut. General of the Democratic party, and it is natural to suppose, that he biased the judgment of many men. I can bear testimony, from my own knowledge, and with great propriety, that a majority of the votes given for Cass in New York, were influenced in that direction by the efforts of Col. Benton.

We, therefore, looked to the views of Col. Benton with great respect. But he says the Proviso is a mere abstraction. He compares it to goat's wool—and as goats have no wool,—he means to say, it amounts to nothing!

If this Proviso is a mere abstraction, it is remarkable, that this should have first been discovered at Jefferson City. It was introduced three years ago, and received a unanimous support in eleven free States;—also three slave States instructed their Senators to vote for it;—and stranger than this, that he should deem *that* an abstraction, which sent GIDDINGS, ROOT, WILMOT, KING, CHARLES ALLEN, TUCK, &c., with increased majorities, to Congress, and which left at home HANNEGAN, defeated Cass, for the Presidency, and nearly lost him his election as Senator;—which rejected ALLEN, BREESE, HUDSON, ROCKWELL, &c. Would these gentlemen be willing to have engraven upon their tombs—"*wrapped in goat's wool and died of an abstraction.*"—(loud cheering.)

We are told by Col. Benton that slaves cannot go to California and New Mexico.—Why not? Because it is above 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude. Why, there are already five slaveholding States above that line, viz.: Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri There is nothing in an imaginary line. Is it because there is no profitable employment for slaves in that country? Where a labouring man is making $100 per week, and often much more, will you tell me that the bones and sinews which you own, and have liberty to traffic in, would not command a price?—But it is said, Eastern people are going there; that men from the free States will make up the bulk of the population. What, if this is so? Their forefathers owned slaves, and there is no guarantee that these men may not be led by cupidity, and love of ease, to do the same.

But they cannot go there with slaves, because there is no law by which this species of property can be held. Does any sane man, at the South, join with Col. Benton in saying that he has no right now to go there with his slaves? Clearly not. Why *all* claim this as a *right*, and we have the testimony of Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, that the soil, and climate, are well adapted to the profitable employment of slave labour. No law by which slaves can be held there! Let me ask how it was, that the Slave Trade was originally set up? By conquest; and recognized in a barbarous age as an appendage to the kingly prerogative. The old common law of England abhorred it; but yet, it had a commencement, and took firm root. We have now New Mexico and California conquered. These countries are held by *military* law; by a *slaveholding* Government, acting under a *slaveholding* Executive.

What matters it to me, that California and New Mexico abolished Slavery *before* they were conquered. They *are* conquered;—their power is overturned. Slavery can be introduced there by force, and WILL be introduced there by force, unless prevented by positive law. Gen. CASS said "leave it to the people of the territories." *They have no power to act upon it.* But am I, a free man, to leave this to the people of Chili, Peru, the Sandwich Islands, and various other nations, who are crowding in there,—while I have power to prevent it? No, Mr. President; I would *subject* them to Freedom. (Great applause.)—Shall a man tell me, if I have a bad son running about with a bad set,—contracting vicious habits—"to be sure you have the right to control him—you have the power to do so—and probably he will get into the poor house; but the town will take care of him. Let him alone—see how it will come out!—"NON INTERVENTION."—(continued cheering.)

We *have* the power to act. Knowing our duty, and having the power to perform it, we should be criminal, did we refuse or neglect to do so.

But Col Benton says Slavery cannot be established by any action of these territories, and he proves very conclusively, that this is so. Calhoun and his fellow extensionists, take issue with the Col. here, and base the whole fabric of their sophisms, and abstractions, upon a contrary opinion. And yet Col. Benton would not legislate upon the subject! No, it is all an abstraction! There being no power in the territories to institute Slavery, then *any* action by our Federal Government would be unnecessary and absurd. And the Col. has a strong objection, an unconquerable aversion to *unnecessary* legislation! We have, of course, had no *unnecessary* legislation since our Government was established. So are we led to infer. Let us examine and see if this be so. What says history upon this subject? The ordinance of 1787, excluded Slavery forever from the territory North West of the Ohio. This was imperative, and of universal application to the territory. Yet did Congress subsequently, by repeated solemn acts, again place that restriction upon portions of the same territory. In Indiana, Slavery was a second time prohibited in 1800. In Michigan in 1805. In 1809 Illinois was formed into a territory, and the Slavery prohibition duplicated there. So in 1836, in regard to Wisconsin, and in 1838 the same was true in respect to Iowa: and, finally, in 1848, this *unnecessary* legislation, this *abstraction* if you please, was, by a solemn act of Congress, extended to Oregon. and the bill received the signature of the then Executive, Col. Benton having previously given it the sanction of his vote; and here I will give you a practical illustration of the manner in which this *unnecessary* legislation operates. I am told by a reliable gentleman, Edward Coles, of Michigan that notwithstanding the prohibition 1,000 slaves were in Illinois, who were emancipated by a judgment of the court, which decision was made, by virtue of the two enactments of which I have spoken, and which Col. Benton would regard as *unnecessary*.

Again, as Col. Benton states in regard to Oregon:

Congress has the constitutional power to abolish Slavery in the territories; but she has no slave territory in which to exercise the power. We have no territory but the remainder of Louisiana North and West of Missouri, that in California, New Mexico and Oregon, and that North of Wisconsin, now Minesota. In Louisiana, North and West of us, it was abolished by Congress in 1820. In the territory North of Wisconsin, now Minesota, it was abolished by the Jefferson proviso of 1787. In Oregon it was abolished by Congress in 1848, by what you may call the Benton proviso if you please; and in California it was abolished by the Mexican Government in 1829, confirmed in 1837, and again in 1844.

Here, then, in the face of all this legislation "*iterum iterumque*,"—acquiesced in, too, by the *South*,—how can it be said that we are running counter to the Constitution by extending the proviso over the newly acquired territories?

Mr. Van Buren then undertook to show the necessity of a new Northern party in his denunciations of the old parties being especially severe upon the Democrats. The position of his own he thus defined:

I have said that I thought it an appropriate time for the humblest individual to express himself, and I will express my opinion. When I have heard it said, that no slaveholder shall be President of the United States, I have dissented. WASHINGTON was a slaveholder; so was JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE. When a slaveholder, like them, shall sustain *our* principles, he can bring to our aid a class of men no other men can reach. Therefore, I do not think it proper to take such a position. I am, however, the unmitigated enemy of Slavery, and would have it abolished without delay.

I say, therefore, for myself, and I wish to be understood as speaking for myself alone, that let what will come, I shall, under no necessity whatever, support any man who does not believe Slavery to be an unmixed curse, and who will not, by virtue of his office, use all constitutional power to abolish it.

But, I ask by what mode are we to reach the object in view? The answer is plain. By going back directly to that adopted and pursued, by the immortal founders of our government. It is comprised briefly in this:

No more slave States;
No slave territories;

The withdrawal of the support of the Federal Government from Slavery, and the abolition of it wherever it can be reached by constitutional means.

I know very well we have no power to touch it within the States where it now exists; but, even there, we can surround it by free States, whose action and example will contribute to wear it away. Consecrate this territory to Freedom, and a limit is set to Slavery, and it must die out of the States where it is already established. Surround the slave States with the vital air of freedom, and they must breathe it or suffocate.—(great applause.)

As for Slavery in the District of Columbia, Mr. CLAY opposed its abolition because Virginia, and Maryland, would never have made the cession, if they had supposed it was to be abolished; that it would be treating those States with great injustice. Mr. VAN BUREN made the same statement. But he has since said, if Congress should think proper to abolish it, he should not feel at liberty to interpose the constitutional veto.

In 1784 the Northwestern territory was ceded by Virginia to the United States. In 1784 the celebrated ordinance was drawn by Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian, which provided for the exclusion of Slavery from that territory. In 1787 this ordinance was passed by the Congress of the confederacy. In 1788 the constitution was re-enacted. Bear in mind these dates, if you please. The great territory bounding Virginia, and Kentucky, on the Northwest, was thus in 1787, and again in 1789, dedicated to freedom, and when this was fresh in the minds of the people, and their legislators, Virginia and Maryland, in 1791 ceded the District of Columbia. These States had just witnessed the policy and action of the general government in regard to her territory. They had seen Slavery deliberately and unreservedly excluded from all territory exclusively under the jurisdiction of the United States, and with this fact before them, they ceded the District of Columbai without a single reserve in regard to the question of Slavery?

These States make some half a dozen special reservations in their deeds of cession, and in these reservations are *very* particular. But there is no reservation on the subject of Slavery. This shows that they expected Congress to go forward, and carry out the manifest spirit of the government, by abolishing Slavery in the District; and now, I say, it is time that Congress go forward, and do that which it was expected they would do.

He dwelt a few moments upon the great reason there is to fear a compromise of this question, and concluded thus:

But all our danger lies in *compromise*. Then see to it, that those who represent you, are faithful to the cause of freedom; see to it, that they make no compromise with Slavery.

Mr. President, I yield to no man in my devotion to the Union. I reverence the wisdom and patriotism of those men, who amid untold difficulties formed it. I appreciate the untold blessings which it has conferred upon a happy and prosperous people. I know, and I ask you to bear in mind, the enviable distinction we have acquired abroad. I am proud to remember how it was made, under a declaration that defied tyranny, and unequivocally asserted, that all men were created equal—under a constitution, which, closely following up this declaration, is essentially Anti-Slavery in its spirit. Thus made, I behold a government which cheapens taxation, fosters labour, gives scope to commerce, and protects and advances all the important interests which spring out of, and build up a high civilization. There does it stand out a bright example to challenge the admiration and imitation of the world. Yet there is one thing which remains to be done to perfect this proud fabric, and render it as enduring as time. Strike the manacles from the slave, and elevate him to the position of a moral, rational, intelligent, and if need be a political being!—(immense applause.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Van Buren's speech, a vote of thanks was put and carried, with three hearty cheers. The following Resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That we continue to celebrate this anniversary from year to year, and that a committee of three be appointed to name the place for the celebration in 1850.

From the letters addressed to the Convention and which are published in the Democrat, we select the following, as of the most consequence:

LINDENWALD, July 7th, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:

I have received the invitation, with which you have honoured me, to unite with the Freemen of the Reserve, in celebrating on the 13th inst. the Anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, and return you my best thanks for this proof of your respect and confidence.

It will not be in my power to comply with your request, and it can scarcely be necessary to say to you how cordially and earnestly I concur in the policy of the great measure you desire to sustain.

That "the Ordinance of 1787" lies at the foundation of the growth and prosperity of the people and States of the Northwest:—that the vigour and vitality they possess, is justly attributable to its action—that the exclusion of Slavery by that Act, from this territory—all then held by the Nation—declared the original, and affirmed the future policy of the American People; and that the influence of Government should be kept, actively and perpetually on the side of Freedom—are opinions which deserve, and will, I doubt not, at no distant day, meet with the heartfelt concurrence of the masses of the people of every section of our extended confederacy.

Sincerely wishing you success in your patriotic efforts, I am, Gentlemen,

Very respectfully
Your obedient servant,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Messrs. JNO. C. VAUGHAN, THOS. BROWN, } Committee.

ASHLAND, June 16, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your official letter, in behalf of the Freemen of the Reserve, inviting me to unite with them, at Cleveland, in celebrating the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, on the 13th of July next I concur entirely in opinion as to the wisdom of that great measure, and I am glad that it has secured to the States, on which it operates, an exemption from the evils of Slavery. But the event of the passage of the Ordinance has never, within my knowledge, been celebrated in any one of the sixty one years, which has since intervened. It is proposed for the first time to commemorate it It is impossible to disguise the conviction, that this purpose originates out of the question, now unfortunately agitating the whole Union, of the introduction of Slavery into New Mexico and California. Whilst no one can be more opposed than I am to the extension of Slavery into these new territories, either by the authority of Congress, or by individual enterprize, I should be unwilling to do anything to increase the prevailing excitement. I hope that the question will be met, in a spirit of calmness and candour, and finally settled in a manner to add strength and stability, instead of bringing any danger, to the existence of our Union. In all our differences of opinion, we should never cease to remember that we are fellow-citizens of one common and glorious country, nor to exercise mutual and friendly forbearance.

But, Gentlemen, waving all other considerations, indispensable engagements will prevent my attendance on the occasion, which you have done me the honour to invite me.

With great respect, I am,
Your friend and ob't. servant,
H. CLAY.

Messrs. JNO. C. VAUGHAN, THO. BROWN, } Committee.

MADISON CO. KY., July 5th, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honour to receive your letter of June 1st, inviting me on behalf of the Freemen of the Reserve, to celebrate with them, at Cleveland, on the 13th day of July, the Anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787. I cordially sympathize with all the purposes of that Convention. Our Fathers of '76, from all their public and private history, evidently regarded our liberties as only half established, whilst African Slavery existed among us. There is no despotism in the world so absolute, as that of the American Slave Master. The laws of pretended restraint are the bitterest mockery of Justice and common sense. Slaveholders are a political aristocracy of more power than the Nobles of England or Russia, and they are as unscrupulous in its protection and preservation, as the Sultan of Constantinople. To talk of Liberty, Religion, or Justice as compatible with

of freedom, the wise and good of this country, and of the world will expect to see the representatives of that free and prosperous Northwestern territory which owes its prosperity from first to last, to the banishment of the hideous pest of Slavery, from its broad and beautiful domain.

With great respect, I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your friend and fellow-citizen,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

Messrs. Jno. C. Vaughan, Tho. Brown, } Committee.

Port Chester, 4th July, 1849.

Gentlemen:—I have received your favour of the 1st of June, inviting me to unite with the freemen of the Reserve, at Cleveland, in celebrating the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, on the 13th instant.

I regret that circumstances compel me to decline your kind invitation; for no one appreciates more fully the magnitude of the public interests, which were involved in that great measure—a measure from which Ohio and the Northwestern States, especially, have received benefits of inestimable value. Indeed, I believe it may be justly said to constitute the basis of nearly all their prosperity, and to have given to their march to wealth and power its chief impulse. But for the prohibition of Slavery in the Ordinance of 1787, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin would, doubtless, at this very moment have been slaveholding States: and their valleys and hills, and prairies, now teeming with fertility and productiveness, would, in all probability, have been in a great degree exhausted by slave labour and the superficial husbandry, which it brings in its train. The patriots of the revolution, by whom the foundations of our government were laid, foresaw these results, and they had the virtue to guard against them by the only measure, which could have been effected—a prohibition of Slavery in the Northwest territory. Experience has demonstrated that, in our early settlements Slavery will be extended wherever it is not positively prohibited. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri are in the same range of States. The 39th and 40th parallels of latitude runs through them all. Slavery does not exist in the first three, because it was prohibited before they were organized States by the Ordinance of 1787. It exists in Missouri because it was not prohibited while that State was a territory. There can be no higher evidence of the efficacy of the ordinance, in this respect, or of the necessity of a prohibition to prevent the extension of Slavery to territories in which it does not exist.

The authorship of the prohibition in the ordinance was for a long time denied. All doubt has been removed by a recent examination of the archives of the Confederation. The original ordinance is in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson; it provided for the exclusion of Slavery in all territory "ceded, or to be ceded," by individual States to the United States, north of the 31st parallel of latitude, which constitutes a part of the Southern boundary of Mississippi and Alabama. The ordinance, as finally adopted, extended only to the territory north and west of the Ohio river. I take the liberty of enclosing to each of you a pamphlet, in which these facts will more fully appear It is due to the author of the Declaration of Independence, that history should do justice to his agency in a transaction which has had so important an influence upon the destinies of five of the most flourishing and patriotic States in the Union, and it is for this reason that I have ventured to call your attention to the circumstances which are, perhaps, generally understood, but the evidence of which has not been as widely circulated as it deserves to be.

That the prohibition of Slavery by the ordinance of 1787 was wise as a measure of public policy, few persons, I think, not biased by private interests, will dispute: and under its moral aspects, it seems to me there is still less ground for a difference of opinion. I believe the principles of the Ordinance of 1787 may be carried out in the action of the Federal Government, without encroaching upon the rights of the people of any State in the Union, and without any assumption of power, by excluding Slavery from the territories of the United States, in which it has not gained a foothold. In labouring, during my brief service in the United States Senate, to maintain these positions and vindicate them on the double ground of policy and constitutional right, it was a source of unmingled gratification to me that I acted in accordance with the repeated and nearly unanimous declarations of the Legislature of your own great and patriotic State, and that of the State I had the honour to represent.

That your deliberations may conduce to the progress of sound opinions, and the promotion of the interests of good Government throughout the Union, is the sincere wish of Your fellow-citizen,

JOHN A. DIX.

Messrs. Jno C. Vaughan, Thos. Brown, } Committee.

Quincy, June 24, 1849.

Gentlemen:—Nothing would gratify me more than to be able to attend the celebration at Cleveland, to which you are so kind as to invite me. But I regret that it is not convenient at this time to undertake the journey.

You will, however, have with me your good wishes in common with those of thousands of New England hearts, which on the 13th of July will beat in unison with every word and every act among you that shall tend to re-establish the spirit of that immortal ordinance in the affections of the country.

Indisputably there has been a falling off. The great objects of the resolution were not solely to transfer power from one side of the Atlantic to the other, but also to develop the beneficial exercise of it in America. The world had never seen such a thing as a system of government self-imposed by a people, with the design of combining with the restraints of law the enjoyment of the largest practicable liberty. Such a system was first carried into practice in the formation of the Federal Constitution. But it surely could not have been any part of the design of its framers to make a system which should forever remain stationary, much less, work backwards from its purpose. The sagacious statesmen who had before them what was at the moment a wilderness, acted with reference not to that moment, but to the distant period when that wilderness should have been made to blossom like the rose. The Ordinance of 1787 looked to the encouragement of that race of intelligent Freemen, without whose agency, the change could not be made. It is in this connection that the constitution of the United States should be viewed much more than it has been. Both instruments date from about the same period. Both sprung from minds of the same temper. The difference between them is, that whilst one is intended to apply to existing, the other looks to future communities. There is, therefore, an accommodation of the character of the Constitution, to existing local evils and abuses which is not to be found in the other. Of these, the greatest, unquestionably was the institution of domestic Slavery—to a certain extent, beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal system to be established. The great men of that day were willing to compound in the Constitution, with an actual social difficulty. But, after seeing what they did in the ordinance, where there was no such obstacle, what reasonable man can doubt their intention to guard against the spread of such evils wherever they could prevent it?

Their wise provision for the establishment of that which is the great truth to be developed in American history, to wit: that the movement of civilized and Christian man, socially, morally and politically, must always be forward, has been in some degree checked by the otherwise advantageous purchase of Louisiana.—Through this event, the causes which existed to retard, if not to stop the natural tendency of the Government acquired increased vigour. Old abuses gain strength from the length of time they are tolerated. But what is still more serious, new interests grow up from a spread of a wrong system, which are the more difficult to eradicate, as the opportunity may have been incautiously given to connect them with views of local preponderence in one section, or of pecuniary advantage in another section of the Union. Once, the Slavery question was narrowed down to the point of saving local property unjustly held. Now it has stretched into a national policy, that demands to be carried out at the risk of expensive wars, no matter how much in the teeth of the cherished theory of *American Liberty*.—The task is now not to go onward, but to *reform*, and *change* what has been done wrong. The temple of Liberty is in the hands of the money changers and our task is to drive them out with rods, if need be, in order to make it once more clear and pure, for Freemen's worship.

Gracious Heavens! Can it indeed be so? Are we to understand that the noblest experiment of modern times, for the advancement of the social condition of man, commenced at the cost of the blood of heroes, continued in spite of all the perils of half a century of European disorganization, and now hazarded only by this danger of Slavery, shall be made to avail only to establish the tyranny of one race over another, among mankind? Are we to understand that this tyranny is to be extended over countries in which it has been abolished, nay even over lands where it has never yet been recognized? And are we who feel, and know and understand and declare the actual character of this outrage, expected to make ourselves privy to it? For myself, I confess that had I not been a living witness and observer of the events of the last ten years in the United States, if I had not watched the efforts and combinations made in one section of the Union, to give success to a baneful policy, I should scarcely have imagined that even a shadow of such expectations could have been raised.

Nothing has availed to check this tendency of things, excepting the *Independent Free Soil Movement*. Yet even *now* the net work is around us. On one side are heard the whisperings and the wailings of the timid, who hold that America can fulfil her great Mission simply by accumulating *Gold Dust*, and who see in the value of cotton and sugar and tobacco, a fair equivalent for the surrender of man's inalienable rights. Of such men, let the children of the Ordinance beware. Parasites and Sycophants are the spawn equally of all times, as well of the palmy days of Grecian Liberty, as of the night of Roman Despotism. They have but one guide, and that is power, no matter how founded. They follow fortune, no matter how to be gained. Whether by servility to oppression, or by compromise with wrong. If there were no other evidence of the extent to which the doctrines of freedom have ceased to prevail, that presented in the undeviating submission to the Slave power of all this class of men, is sufficient to show their conviction of what spot it is where thrift does most surely follow fawning. On the other side, exist another, and a larger and more respectable class of our fellow citizens, who see in our earnest determination to restore principle to the policy of the country, nothing but danger to the Union and social disorganization. Just as if a Union could really be sustained, which is not founded upon and sustained by justice. Just as if social disorganization could be avoided by pandering to those selfish passions of the community, which perpetually seek to grasp more power than is consistent with a proper regard to the rights of all!

No! the only danger to the Union comes from the spirit of dissension among ourselves, fostered as it is by cunning men for the purpose of neutralizing our power. If the religious, the moral, the social, and the political sense were entirely in unison in the Free States in declaring the popular will to be to stand by Freedom in free Territory, does any man in his senses believe that in this, the nineteenth century, any considerable number of men claiming to be Christian citizens would dare stand up in the face of the civilized world, and contend under the black piratical flag of African Slavery? It is our doubt, our hesitation, our spirit of compromise, that makes many of themselves think they must have a respectable cause. Let the Freemen of Ohio begin the example of a firm and holy union for the right. Let them now take the advance in the army of Liberty. We all of us will cheerfully fall in who think that we have a mission to establish and that the county needs its fulfilment NOW. Let every one who appreciates its nature be up and doing. To suppose that the emergency may be met by standing silent and still, particularly after the bitter experience we have had of the Texas plot, is the very madness of the moon. Our duty *now*, is action. And no action will avail short of the establishment over all the Territories of the Union of that principle which gives the chief lustre to the Ordinance you meet to celebrate the establishment of a Free Soil as the home of a free people. With such a cause we cannot fail, if we only keep together. Let the children of the Ordinance look to it, that they set us a noble example. Let them bear in mind that

"Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can vice
Raise any bulwark to make good the place
Where virtue seeks to enter."

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Messrs. Jno. C. Vaughan, Tho. Brown, } Committee.

The day, the *Democrat* concludes its report by saying, was a proud one, and full of every manifestation of noble and patriotic feeling. It was celebrated mostly by men who stood upon their own soil, men who could neither be bought nor driven, and who are governed by that true spirit which can alone give vigour to the national character, honour to the national name, and perpetuity to our National Freedom.

☞Our correspondents and readers will have patience with us for the marks of haste and apparent carelessness which have appeared in some recent numbers of the *Standard*, and especially the last. The cholera marches into our offices every week, and seizes and holds, like a wild beast as it is, some one of us, for a day or two, and, as we have no superabundance of force, the temporary loss of one of our number throws the establishment into some confusion. Last week our foreman was taken ill just at the moment when he was most needed in printing-office, and the paper necessarily shows the want of his care.

Death of Mary Donaldson.—The many friends of Miss Donaldson will regret to hear of her death, which we find announced in the *Cincinnati Globe*, though none who saw her immediately before her departure for England will be surprised to learn that she did not survive long enough to try the effect of her native air from which she hoped so much benefit. This is the fifth death which has taken place within five years in one of the most united, cheerful, and happy family circles that it was ever our privilege to enter; and none who have been participants in its unbounded hospitality can ever forget the kind-hearted hostess who united in her character the greatest amiability, the utmost simplicity and singleness of purpose with a strength of will and clearness of sight, which made her always a firm and earnest advocate of every good cause that proposed to enlighten and bless mankind. [illegible]

To Corrrspondents.

O. J.—We shall reply to his letter immediately,—at least the most important part—the aarangement mentioned in his last is entirely convenient.

A. K. F.—We are obliged to her for her esteemed favour.—Yes; and shall be forthcoming.—Keep them at bay a little longer.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XLIII.

The Argument.—*Commencement at Cambridge.—Change of time.—Commencement in the Olden Time.—Dressing and Hair-dressing.—Puritan Carnival.—Riots and disorders.—Sumptuary laws.—Plumb-cake disparaged.—Perquisites of Instruction.—Evasion by plain cake.—Rights and Reputation of Punch vindicated.—Commencement this Year.—The Lancers.—The Procession.—The Performances.—Mr. Follen and Mr. Stetson.—The Dinner.—How it might be amended.—Dr. Pierce.—Phi Beta Kappa Society.—Privilege and Decoration.—Injurious influence of Society.—Inevitable Fate.—How varied.—Our Noble Selves.—The Correspondent defineth Patriotism and hearteneth up Dr. Bethune.—Martyrly Oratory.—Dr. Bethune's Oration.—National necessity for flattery:—The Correspondent moralizeth, illustrateth and concludeth.—&c., &c., &c.*

Boston, July 21st, 1849.

It seems strange to be telling about Commencement in July. In the good old days when it was almost the only occasion of general gaiety which Boston had, it used to be in July; but for near fifty years it has taken place the last Wednesday in August; and, consequently, all the habitudes of this generation have been adapted to that time. So that it seems as odd and out of season to have this Festival come now, as it would to have Thanksgiving in September. I daresay the Authorities of the University did not make the change without good and sufficient reason. But the new time is not so favourable for a full and brilliant audience as the old one. A great proportion of the inhabitants of this City who would attend it, if at home, are absent on tours, or at country seats or watering-places; while the tide of strangers which sets in a month or six weeks later, has not yet turned in this direction. I have attended Commencement for many years in succession, and never saw one with so few notabilities from abroad, and so thin an attendance from at home, as this year.

Commencement is still an interesting day to a great many people, but it is not the transcendent holiday that it was a century ago. Then it was the great gathering-day for the colonial rank and fashion, as well as of its gravity and learning. The old Meeting-house at Cambridge must have had a gorgeous effect in the days of peach-bloom velvet coats and silver-hilted rapiers, of "the wide circumference" of hoops and the towering altitude of crape-cushions. I remember a venerable relative describing to me her sitting up all night the night before old Dr. Danforth's Commencement in 1758, for fear of disturbing the arrangement of her hair, which had to be dressed then or not at all, such was the demand for the services of the only *coiffeur* the town then afforded. Those were the good old days, too, when a roomy family coach could only contain *two* ladies,—one sitting forwards and the other backwards, with the extremeties of their hoops protruding from the windows on either side! It was at a rather later day when the head-dresses aspired so proudly that ladies going abroad in full dress had to carry their heads out of the coach windows. A profitable lesson in humility, showing that they who would carry their head highest, must sometimes stoop them the lowest.

Nearly the whole population of Boston used to be precipitated upon Cambridge. A great day it was for the Charlestown Ferry, then the only place and mode of crossing the River Charles, for as yet bridges were not. The Common was covered with booths for days before and after, which were the scenes of all imaginable riot and debauchery. The wealthy graduates gave expensive entertainments to their acquaintance. Even dancing would intrude itself into the near vicinage of the Mother of the Church. It was, in fact, the Carnival of the Puritans, or their descendants, when they let loose the animal spirits they were obliged generally to keep within close bounds. At one time the Authorities of the College kept the day of Commencement a secret, as far as possible, for the express purpose of preventing the great and promiscuous concourse that it brought together. But this was a thing not possible to be done long and it was soon abandoned. This state of things continued, with modifications, till within thirty years. It is not much more than that when it used to be said (figuratively, as an illustration of character,) that an eminent citizen, not long deceased, famous for his land speculations, used to stay at home on Commencement day, when everybody else was out of town, and fence in the open land bounding on his own, which had been left to the poor! And, I believe, the day is still a prescriptive Bank holiday.

Nor were the College Authorities wanting in their attempts to repress the extravagance of the entertainments of the graduating class by wholesome sumptuary laws. In 1722 a law was passed forbidding them from "preparing or providing either plumb cake, or roasted, boiled, or baked meats, or pies of any kind," and from having in their chambers "distilled liquors or any composition made therewith" (a species of Composition in which the students excelled in my time,) upon pain of being fined twenty shillings, and the forfeiture of the provisions and liquors "to be seized by the tutors!" Such were the sweets of tutorship in those days! But the depravity of our common nature acting in concert with the ingenuity cultivated by the rigidity of College rules in the ingenuous youth subjected to them, was too much for the Dons of a century ago. So they had to reaffirm the act of 1722 in 1727, with this added stringency, that if any "presume to do anything contrary to that act, or go about *to evade it by plain cake*, they shall not be admitted to their degree!" It is a pity that no record is left to tell what the unlucky graduates *were* allowed to give their friends to eat. We are, happily, not left so much in the dark as to what they might give them to drink. Some years afterwards the Authorities were obliged to bow before the indignant frown of a virtuous Public Opinion, and, in consequence of a recommendation of the Overseers to the Corporation, to repeal "the law prohibiting the drinking of punch," a vote was passed, that "it shall be no offence if any scholar shall, *at Commencement*, make, and entertain guests at his chamber with *punch!*" This restriction as to times and seasons was more than the rising spirit of Liberty could endure, so in 1761 it was removed and it was ordained that "it should be no offence if the scholars, *in a sober manner* entertain one another and strangers with punch, which, *as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor!*"

This year the weather was unusually fine and the ceremonies of the day proceeded in their usual order. His Excellency and the State Authorities were escorted from Boston by the Lancers, a rather round-shouldered but highly respectable corps, consisting chiefly of master draymen (truckmen we call them, here,) and keepers of livery stables, who, probably, appear to better advantage upon those days of the year when they are attending to their own affairs, than upon those which they devote to the defence of the Governor. After the *cortege* has arrived at the Library a procession is formed, headed by the President and Fellows, followed by the Governor and Authorities, the Professors, Public Men of various kinds and Masters of Arts, and proceeds to the Church, which is most admirably contrived for the hiding and deforming of an audience. Then the performances proceed. Those of this year were of a very creditable description and were, generally, well delivered. The Dissertation of Mr. Charles C. Follen upon the Death of Socrates, may be distinguished as one of the best performances, both in point of composi- Very gratefal recol... This young gentleman excited a brance so fresh in all minds of his eminent and lamented father. Mr. Follen proceeds immediately to Europe to complete his education and visit his paternal relatives. It is the hope and belief of those that know him that he will return able and willing to accomplish a career worthy of the great and good name he bears. Mr. Stetson, also, did himself great credit by the well-pondered matter and racy style of his part, which not unfrequently reminded one of the brilliant *Sartorisms* of his excellent father.

After the graduating exercises, the degrees were conferred, and then the Dinner followed in the great Hall. This is always a pleasant occasion of reunion of early companions who have been widely scattered by the winds and waves of life. It might be made much more effective, if a portion of time were given to toasts and table speeches. But in the former days when it was thought necessary as a protest against radicalism that very bad wine should be provided, it was also thought the part of discretion to guard against anybody's drinking too much of it and thereby bringing discredit on the custom and the College, by breaking up the assembly the moment the dinner was swallowed. And the habit has continued, although the occasion for it has been done away with for several years. In such admired disorder did the company break up on this occasion that even the absence from a long and, it is feared, mortal illness of the Rev. Dr. John Pierce, of Brookline, who has been looked upon as the Incarnate Manifestation of the University by almost every living graduate, from his regular and active participation in every Commencement for more than fifty years, even his abscence would not have been noticed had not Wendell Phillips seized the only moment and proposed his health, which was received with all the honours. In the evening President Sparks received company at his own house, the President's House being still occupied by Mr. Everett, where every hospitable preparation and attention waited upon the guests. For the reasons before stated, the company was not as numerous as usual in former years.

The next day the Phi Beta Kappa Society held its Anniversary and had an opportunity of displaying the natural taste of mankind for exclusive privileges and decorations by walking in procession with ribbons in their button-holes. It is a serious injury to the College that this Society is suffered to exist, continuing the recollection of youthful rivalship and disappointments through life, and disaffecting the minds of a majority of the graduates to their Alma Mater for permitting a College honour, which should be temporary only, to be a permanent and invidious distinction. This has long been the opinion of the Governors and best friends of the College, themselves members of the Society; but no one has yet been found willing to take the trouble or incur the odium of suppressing it and substituting a Society of all the Alumni in its stead. We did not escape this year the inexorable destiny which dooms us to a Fourth of July Oration or a Sermon, according as the Orator is a lawyer or a minister. The only variety in our misery, this year was, that the Fourth of July Oration was given by a Minister. It is needless to say that its theme was our Noble Selves, and the duty of loving ourselves even better than we do now, if that be possible. The Orator seemed to be under a great apprehension lest we should fall short in that Cardinal Virtue. For, of course, Patriotism in this country can mean nothing but fidelity to what we think for our own interest. We think the Rev. Dr. Bethune need give himself no concern on that head. The Universal Jonathan will be patriotic in his devotion to the Union now, just as he was loyal in his devotion to the King, before the Revolution; that is, just as long as it pays, and no longer; and would not he be a fool if he were? The only difference between Dr. Bethune and Calhoun at the South and Garrison at the North, is, that he thinks it does pay, while they, for opposite reasons, think it does not.

It would be purely diverting, if it were not a trifle disgusting, to see the martyr-like air with which our Orators exhort their auditories to do what they like and to hold opinions which they have never thought of doubting. To see how they swing the censer, fuming with incense strong enough to knock down a bullock, under the noses of their hearers with an air as if they were applying the penitential scourge to their shoulders. Thus Dr Bethune laboured most pathetically to persuade his audience to be Patriotic, and devoted to the Union, and to apply their great talents and advantages to its maintenance, just as if he did not know that they were all of his way of thinking, or if he had a single disunionist present to exhort, that it was by good luck! This assentation, which marks almost all our public addresses, is strongly characteristic of our National character. It is at once cause and effect. Now and then a Charles Sumner may make the Fourth of July an occasion for a rebuke of National crimes, or a poet Dana, may vary the monotony of its usual topics by proving a Monarchy and Hereditary Aristocracy, tempered with the popular elements, to be the best form of Government. But these are rare exceptions, and, as in the first instance, injure the social standing of the offender, according to the degree of his guilt, or, as in the last, make the astonished citizens, as soon as they recover their senses, seriously incline to the due administration of the tar-bucket and the feather-bag. But in general not even a Phi Beta Oration or a Lyceum lecture can go down unless helped by a dose of Flattery. One would think, to hear them, that we are really the most modest and shamefaced people on earth, and that it is essential to give us a little confidence in ourselves and a higher opinion of our own merits. And so every Bag of Wind incontinently thrusts his nozzle into the bladder of our National vanity, already inflated almost to bursting, and tries to puff it out a little more!

D. Y.

Letter from Abby Kelley Foster.

Those members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who are anxiously watching the progress of our principles, may be desirous of hearing some word from the long neglected and therefore benighted field of Eastern New-York.

No part of the entire North has, I presume, had so little labour bestowed on it as this section of the Empire State. It has been considered by the Anti-Slavery reformer a moral waste—a field that will not repay the culture. Hence, no one will expect me to chronicle great achievements from a five weeks' effort, by two persons during this hot weather, these short evenings, and this busy harvest season of the farmer.

Some of our friends in Long Island feel greatly encouraged that the mob has been stirred up. Said one, "A corpse never kicks" Said another, "Let us rejoice. Long Island is alive. All she needs now is to be vigorously plied with the truth." We were nearly four weeks on the island, held twenty-four meetings, and were mobbed three times. We obtained but few subscribers for papers, sold but few books, and our meetings generally were small. But should we be discouraged? Not at all. Did the best portions of the most Anti-Slavery districts in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio, promise better when they were first given to the plough of reform? If you will look back some fifteen or eighteen years, when the work was commenced in those places, we shall find the apathy at first much deeper, and the opposition when aroused much more violent. Still, I doubt not that the obstacles to the progress of our principles at that early time, would have been much greater on Long Island than they were in many other places. The great obstacle here has been, and now is, the want of general education. A small class is highly cultivated; but as in some places the district school has never been accepted, the poorer classes are woefully ignorant. Even now, you occasionally hear it remarked, that "it is great injustice to tax the rich for the education of the poor. It is robbery under the form of law. Another difficulty, in some places, is the system of Semi-Serfdom which prevails. A very small number are large landed proprietors, and the masses are wholly dependent on them for their daily subsistence. This condition of things affords little room for investigation can be expected? These relics of barbarism however, are not general, but are confined to small sections. Their influence must nevertheless be somewhat felt throughout the island. But the genius of the age is fast subverting them.

But Long Island has its bright side. There are a few families scattered over her fair landscape who were among the earliest to espouse the cause of the slave, and who have adhered to it with that devotion which nothing but the sternest integrity can inspire. They stand ever ready to make, ungrudgingly, great personal sacrifices to advance the cause. Without their aid, our mission must have been a failure. Their characters are a pledge for the renovation of the island.

By this brief effort the condition of the slave, the guilt of the country, and especially the responsibilities of the North, have been brought before hundreds who, probably had never before given them a casual glance. One newspaper has come out boldly in defence of mob violence, but two others have shown an appreciation of the sacred liberty of speech. They are beginning to see that our own rights are closely interwoven with the rights of the slave.

Stagnation is putrefaction and death in the moral as in the physical universe. The moral elements are astir, and a degree of health will spring out of it. The seeds of truth are scattered, and some fruit will come of them. The next campaign on Long Island will be attended with less difficulty, and will yield a better harvest.

We went from Long Island to Westchester Co., and held a few meetings; but as most of the places there to which we can gain access are agricultural, and now is the harvest, we decided to leave for the present, and return when the evenings are longer and the harvest over. We propose to labour for the present in Ulster and Dutchess counties, keeping mainly in the villages during the short evenings.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

Married.

On Tuesday, 17th instant, in the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, Henry W. Livingston, Esq., to Miss Lucy Stevens, eldest daughter of John Stevens, Esq., all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 17th instant, at Clermont, Columbia county, by the Rev. Henry De Koven, Levinus Clarkson, of New York, to Miss Mary Livingston, daughter of the late Hon. Edward P. Livingston.

In Baltimore, June 28, Hon. John, Hillyard Cameron, Queen's Council and M. P. of The Meadows, Toronto, Canada, to Ellen Madeleine De Bernier, second daughter of Gen. Malletti, of New York, and grand daughter of the late Gov. Fenner of Rhode Island.

On the 15th of 7th month, 1849, before Mayor McKinney of Steubenville, Ohio, Dr. Caleb Cope, of Belmont county, Ohio, to Julia Ann, daughter of Israel French, deceased, late of Wayne county, Indiana.

Died.

At the City Prison (killed by the Sheriff) on the 20th inst., Mathew Wood, aged 30 years.

At the West Point Academy, July 17, of dysentery, William S. Brazer, son of the late Rev. Dr. Brazer, of Salem, Mass. 23.

At Brookline, Mass. on the 17th inst. Hon. Theodore Lyman, of Boston.

At Phila., Thomas M. Coffin, of the firm of Coffin & Landell, aged 52; a brother of Mrs. Lucretia Mott.

From disease of the heart, on the 12th of June last, while on the passage from New York to Liverpool, Miss Mary Donaldson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At her residence, Tulip Hill, West River, Md., 16th inst. Mrs. Mary Maxcy, relict of the late Hon. Virgil Maxcy, in the 62d year of her age.

At Albany, Hon. Harmanus Bleecker, aged 70.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, Hon. John L. Laurence, of Cholera.

On the 24th ulto. at her residence, Brighton, (England) Charlotte Hart, aged 74, youngest daughter of the celebrated John Horne Hooke.

Near Carthage, Ohio, July 4, of Cholera, Jason R. Powers, aged 69, brother of Haram Powers, sculptor.

At her residence in Scriven County, Georgia, on the 29th of March last., Mrs. Louramia Thrower, aged one hundred and thirty three years.

At Keene, N. H., Annab., wife of Samuel Dinsmor Governor of the State, and daughter of Hon. Wm. Jarvis, of Vermont.

Notices.

British Emancipation!

FIRST OF AUGUST AT MILTON, ULSTER COUNTY.

The Abolitionists of Milton and its vicinity, propose to celebrate the ensuing Anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies by a pic-nic to be held on Wednesday next, the 1st of August, in a Grove near the Friend's Meeting House in Milton, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Should the weather prove inclement, the meeting will be held within the Meeting House.

Among those who have been invited to be present as speakers, and some of whom have accepted the invitation, are:

Isaac T. Hopper, Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, Abby K. Foster, Mary Grew, Mrs. Rose, Lucretia Mott, Wm. H. Channing, S. H. Gay.

A hearty welcome will be extended by the friends in Milton to all who will unite with them in the commemoration of the most remarkable event of modern times—the Emancipation of Eight Hundred Thousand Slaves—a Revolution without shedding a drop of blood—the signal triumph of the principles of the Christian religion over the time-serving policy of a government, and the avarice and violent passions of a powerful and wealthy class of its subjects, in favour of the lowest and most despised.

As Milton is a central point on the Hudson river it is confidently hoped that a full *rally* of the Abolitionists of Eastern New York will be made on Wednesday next.

West India Emancipation: THE JUBILEE.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society, held on the 7th inst., it was unanimously voted, that the anniversary of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION be celebrated by the Society with appropriate ceremonies; that the place selected for this purpose be Worcester, *'the heart of the Commonwealth;'* that all those who rejoice at the overthrow of West India Slavery, and who desire to see the same iniquitous system speedily abolished in this country, be invited to attend *en masse* at the time and place specified; and that, ☞ inasmuch as the President of the United States, Zachary Taylor, has recommended the national observance of Friday, the 3d of August, as a day o fasting on account of the Cholera, *it is advisable to substitute that day for the 1st*—seeing that it is an abomination in the sight of Heaven for those who are smiting with the fist of wickedness, oppressing the poor, and plundering the needy, to bow down their heads, as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under them—and feeling assured that the only fast which God has chosen is to 'loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free'—so shall the promise be fulfilled, 'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and *thine health shall spring forth speedily*; the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; *thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations*; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.

On Friday, August 3d, therefore, let a mighty MASS MEETING of the friends of immediate and universal emancipation assemble at Worcester, inspired by one sentiment, animated by one spirit, and aiming at the one great and glorious object, the liberation of THREE MILLIONS of *'our fellow-countrymen in chains,'* while rejoicing at the deliverance of Eight hundred thousand in the British West India Islands.

'Though we were but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be;
We our promised land shall see,
Though the way seem long:—
Every fearless work we speak,
Makes Sin's stronghold bend and creak—
[illegible]

tended to hold the meeting in a suitable grove, and to conduct it on the *Pic Nic* plan. Many able speakers are expected to be present, whose names, together with a more definite statement of the arrangements, will be given in a subsequent number. In the mean time, let all who desire to be present strive so to arrange their business as to be ready for the day and the occasion.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
JOSHUA T. EVERETT, } Committee of Arrangements.

Annual Meeting of the State Society.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will commence its seasions at Norristown, on Monday the 13th of August, at 10 o'clock A. M. In making this announcement the Executive Committee take it for granted, that no especial urging will be required on their part to induce a large attendance on this occasion. of the members and friends of the Society. Our annual gatherings have ever been seasons of the deepest and most delightful interest, and there is no reason to apprehend that the approaching one will be marked by the slightest diminution in this respect, on the contrary the more advanced position of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and the relations which it now sustains, will suggest themes of new interest for discussion, and impart a fresh zest to our deliberations. Our movement never stood in a more commanding attitude before the public, nor were we as an organization ever in a better condition to labour effectually for its advancement. Entirely united among ourselves, we are at the same time the undisputed occupants of the Anti-Slavery field. Never had we finer opportunities of usefulness. How we can best avail ourselves of those opportunities and meet the corresponding responsibilities which they impose, will be questions for discussion at the approaching meeting Let there be a full attendance; and let us come together in such a spirit of earnestnes and self-devotion as will secure for ourselves a fresh baptism in the cause, and give an impetus to our work which shall hasten the day of its consummation.

On behalf of the Committee,

James Mott, Chairman,
Haworth Wetherald, Secretary.

SIXTEENTH National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity of its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The langauge of our last year's Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a heigh above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasing truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. ....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society, in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at is disposal

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts.

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists everywhere, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope o success.

The Sixteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held n Boston during Christmas week. and all desiring to cooperate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

Anne Warren Weston,	*Louisa Loring,*
M. W. Chapman,	*Mary May,*
Eliza L. Follen,	*Sarah S. Russell,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Susan C. Cabot,	*Helen E. Garrison,*
Catherine Sargent,	*Maria Lowell,*
Henrietta Sargeant,	*Abby Francis*
Thankful Southwick,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B Hall,	*Mary Gray Chapman,*
Francis Mry Robbins	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Caroline Weston,	*Evelina A S. Smith,*
Eliza F. Eddy,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Caroline F. Williams,	*Harriet M Palmer,*
Lydia Parker,	*Mary Willey.*
Sarah N. Southwick,	*Elizabeth Gay.*

Advertisements.

Wanted:

In a private (coloured) family in a neighbouring State, a governess to take charge of four young children. The family is one of great respectability, and their residence is a fine country-place in a pleasant neighbourhood. The duties of the office will not be heavy. The teacher must be thoroughly educated of good temper, and capable of managing children.

Application may be made to the editor of the *Standard*, at this office.

BOOK REPOSITORY.

Publications on hand and for sale at the Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 142 Nassau street, New York.

All orders for Anti-Slavery Books, if post paid, and accompanied with the cash, will be promptly attended to.

Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	06
Authentic anecdotes of American Slavery,	08
Anti-Slavery Catechism, by Mrs. Child	06
Amusing Tales,	06
Address of S. J. May, at Syracuse,	10
Appeal to the Women of the nominally Free States,	10
Alton Riots, bound,	25
Anti-Slavery Record, vol. 2.	31
Africans taken in the Amistad—Congressional Documents,	10
Adams's (J. Q.) Speech in Congress, 1838, on the Right of Petition, and relating to the annexation of Texas.	12½
A Review of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War, by Wm Jay	75
American Whites and Blacks, by E S. Abdy	50
A Collection of Valuable Documents on Slavery, &c.,	19
Amanda—A Tale for the Times, by W. H. Brisbane	12½
Autobiography of Henry C. Wright	1,00
Birney on Colonization,	06
Brotherhood of Thieves, by S. S. Foster	1
Can Abolitionists vote, &c, under the United States Constitution?	25
Chattelized Humanity, by Jonathan Walker	10
Christmas, and poems on Slavery,	08
Considerations on the use of the productions of Slavery,	06
Correspondence of Cox and Douglass	03
Channing on Slavery,	20
Channing's Letter to Abolitionists,	06
Disunion—Address of the American Anti Slavery Society and Francis Jackson's Letter,	12½
Discussion of Thompson and Breckenridge, with notes by Mr. Garrison	25
Emancipation, by Dr. Channing	06¼
Evils and Cure of Slavery, by L. Maria Child

Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARDS MISTRESS [JOHN] MILTON.

[*Journal Continued.*]

May 16. 1643.—After writing ye above last night, in my chamber, went to bed and had a most heavenlie dreame. Methoughte it was brighte, brighte moonlighte, and I was walking with Mr. Milton on a terrace—not our terrace, but in some outlandish place; and it had flights and flights of greene marble steeps, descending, I cannot tell how farre, with stone figures and vases on everie one. We went downe and downe these steps, till we came to a fairer piece of water, still in ye moonlighte; and then, methoughte, he would be taking leave, and sayd much aboute absence and sorrowe, as tho' we had knowne each other some space; and alle that he sayd was delightfulle to heare. Of a sudden we heard cries, as of distresse, in a wood that came quite down to ye water's edge, and Mr. Milton sayd, "Hearken!" and then, "There is some one being slaine in ye woods, I must goe to rescue him;" and soe, drewe his sword and ran off. Meanwhile, ye cries continued, but I did not seeme to mind them much; and, looking steadfastlie downe into ye clear water, could see to an immeasureable depth, and beheld—oh, rare!—girls sitting on glistening rocks, far downe beneathe, combing and braiding their brigte hair, and talking and laughing, onlie I coulde not heare about what. And their kirtles were like spun glass, ind theire bracelets, coral and pearl, and I thought t the fairest sight that eyes could see. But, alle at once, the cries in ye woods affrighted them, for they started looked upwards and alle aboute, and began swimming thro' ye cleare water so fast, that it became troubled and thick, and I coulde see them noe more. Then I was aware that ye voices in the wood were of Dick and Harry calling for *me:* and I soughte to answer, "Here"! but my tongue was heavie. Then I commenced running towards, them, through ever so manie greene paths, in ye woods; but stille, we coulde never meet; and I began to see grinning faces, neither of man nor beaste, peeping at me through ye trees; and one and another of them called me by name, and in greate feare and paine I awoke!

* * * Strange things are dreames. Dear mother thinks much of them, and sayth they oft portend coming events. My father holdeth ye opinion that they are rather made up of what hath alreadie come to passe; but surely naught like this dreame of mine hath in anie part befallen me hitherto!

* * * What strange fable or masque were they reading that day at Sheepscote? I mind not.

20th.—Too much busied of late to write, though much hath happened which I would fain remember. Dined at Shotover yesterday. Met mother, who is coming home in a day or two, but held a short speech with me aside concerning housewifery. The Agnews there of course; also Mr. Milton, whom we have seen continually, lately; and I know not how it should be, but he seemeth to like me. Father affects him much, but mother loveth him not. She hath seen little of him; perhaps the less the better.—Ralph Hewlett, as usual, forward in his rough endeavours to please; but, though no scholar, I have yet sense enough to prefer Mr. Milton's discourse to his.

* * * I wish I were fonder of studdy; but, since it cannot be, what need to vex? Some are born of one mind, some of another. Rose was always for her book; and, had Rose been no scholar, Mr. Agnew would, may be, never have given her a second thought; but alle are not of the same way of thinking.

* * * A few lines received from mother's "spoilt boy," as father hath called brother Bill ever since he went a soldiering. Blurred and mispelt as they are, she will prize them. Trulie, we are none of us grate hands at the pen 'tis well I make this my copie-book.

* * * Oh, strange event! Can this be happinesse? Why, then am I soe feared, soe mazed, soe proned to weeping? I woulde that mother were here. Lord have mercie on me, a sinfulle, sillie girl, and guide my steps arighte.

* * * It seems like a dreame, (I have done naughte but dreame of late, I think,) my going along ye matted passage, and hearing voices in my father's chamber, just as my hand was on ye latch; and my withdrawing my hand, and going softlie away, though I never paused at disturbing him before; and, after I had been a fulle hour in ye stille room, turning over ever so many trays full of dried herbs and flow-er-leaves, hearing him come forthe and call "Moll ..... hastile, and his drawing me to his chamber, and closing ye doore.

Then he takes me round ye waiste, and remains quite silent awhile; I gazed on him so strangelie! and at length he says, with a kind of sigh, "Thou art indeed but young yet! scarce seventeen—and fresh, as Mr. Milton says, as the earlie May, too tender, forsooth, to leave us yet, sweet child!" But what wilt say, Moll, when I tell that a well esteemed gentleman, whom as yet indeed I know too little of, hath craved of me access to ye house as one that would win thy favour?"

Thereupon such a sudden faintness of ye spiritts overtook me, (a thing I am noe way subject to,) as that I fell down in a swound at father's feet; seemed full of prickles, and there was a humming, as of Rose's bees, in mine ears. Lettice and Margery were tending of me, and father watching me full of care; but so soone as he saw me open mine eyes, he bade the maids stand aside, and sayd, stooping over me, "Enough, dear Moll, we will talk no more of this at present."

"Onlie just tell me," quoth I, in a whisper, "who it is." "Guesse," sayd he. "I cannot," I softly replied; and, with the lie, came such a rush of blood to my cheeks as betraied me. "I am sure you have though," said dear father gravelie, "and I need not say it is Mr. Milton, of whom I know little more than you doe, and that is not enough. On the other hand, Roger Agnew sayth that he is one of whom we can never know too much, and there is somewhat about him which inclines me to believe it." What will mother say?" interrupted I. Thereat fathers countenance changed; and he hastilie answered, "Whatever she likes; I have an answer for her, and a question too;" and abruptlie left me, bidding me keep myself quiet.

But can I? Oh, no! Father hath sett a stone rolling, unwitting of its course. It hath prostrated me in ye first instance; and will, I misdoubt, hurt mother. Father is bold enow in her absence, but when she comes back will leave me to face her anger alone; or else make such a stir to show that he is not governed by a woman as will make things worse. Meanwhile, how would I have them? Am I most pleased or payned? dismayed or flattered? Indeed I know not.

* * * I am soe sorry to have swooned. Needed I have done it, merelie to heare there was one who sought my favour? Aye, but one soe wise! so so thoughtfulle! so unlike me!

Bedtime, same day.

* * * Who knoweth what a daye will bring forth? After writing ye above, I sate like one stupid, ruminating on I know not what, except on ye unlikelihood that one so wise woulde trouble himselfe to *seeke* for aught and yet fail to *win*. After abiding a long space in mine own chamber, alle below seeming still, I began to wonder should we dine alone or not, and to have a hundred hot and cold fitts of hope and feare. Thought I, if Mr. Milton comes, assuredlie I cannot go down; but yet I must; but yet I will not; but yet ye best will be to conduct myselfe as though nothing had happened; and, as he seems to have left the house long ago, maybe he hath returned to Sheepscote, or even to London. Oh that London! Shall I indeede ever see it? and ye rare shops, and ye play-houses, and St. Pauls, and ye Towre?—But what, and if that ever comes to pass? Must I leave home? dear Forest Hill? and father, and mother, and ye boys? more especialle Robin? Ah! but father will give me a long time to think of it. He will, and must.

Then dinner-time came; and with dinner-time uncle Hewlett and Ralph, Squire Paice and Mr. Milton. We had a huge sirloin, soe no feare of short commons. I was not ill-pleased to see so manie; it gave me an excuse for holding my peace, but I could have wished for another woman. However, father never thinks of that, and mother will soon be home. After dinner, ye elder men went to ye bowling greene with Dick and Ralph; ye boys to ye fish-ponds; and or ever I was aware, Mr. Milton was walking with me on the terrace. My dreame came soe forcibly to mind that my heart seemed to leap into my mouth; but he kept away from ye fish-ponds, and from leave-taking, and from his morning discourse with my father—at least for a while; but some way he got round to it, and sayd so much, and soe well, that, after alle my father's bidding me keepe quiete, and take my time, and mine owne resolution to think much and long, he never rested till he had changed ye whole appearance of things, and made me promise to be his, wholly and trulie. And oh! I feare I have been too quickly wonne.

May 23d.—At leaste, so sayeth the calender;—but with me it hath beene trulie an April daye, alle smiles and teares. And now my spiritts are soe perturbed and dismaid as that I know not whether to weepe or no, for methinks crying wd relieve me. At first waking this morning my mind was elated at ye falsitie of my mother's notion, that no man of sense would think me worth ye having; and soe I got up too proude, I think, and came down too vain, for I had spent an unusuall time at ye glasse. My spiritts, alsoe, were soe unequall that ye boys took notice of it, and it seemed as though I could breathe nowhere but out of doors; so the children and I had a rare game of play in ye home close, but ever and anon I kept looking towards ye road and listening for horses' feet, till Robin sayd, "One wd think ye king was coming." But at last came Mr. Milton quite another way, walking through ye fields with huge strides. Kate saw him firste, and tolde me; and then sayd, "What makes ye look soe pale?"

* * * * * *

We sate a good space under the hawthorne hedge on ye brow of ye hill, listening to ye mower's scythe, and ye song of birds, which seemed enough for him, without talking; and as he spake not, I helde my peace, till, with ye sun in my eyes, I was like to drop asleep; which, as his own face was *from* me, and towards ye landskin, he noted not. I was just aiming for mirthe's sake to steale away, when he suddainlie turned about and fell to speaking of rural life, happiness, heaven, and such like, in a kind of rapture; then, with his elbow half raising from ye grass, lay looking at me; then commenced humming or singing, I know not what strayn, but 'twas of "begli occhi" and "chioma aurata," and he kept smiling the while he sang.

After a time we went in-doors, and then came my firste pang; for father founde out how I had pledged myself over-night; and for a moment looked so grave yt my heart misgave me for having been soe hastie. However it soon passed off; dear father's countenance cleared, and he even seemed merrie at table; and soon after dinner alle ye party dispersed save Mr. Milton, who loitered with me on ye terrace. After a short silence he exclaimed, "How good is our God to us in alle his gifts! For instance, in this gift of *love*, whereby had he withdrawn from visible Nature a thousand of its glorious features and gay colourings, we should still possess, *from within*, the means of throwing over her clouded face an entirelie different hue; while, as it is, what was pleasing before now pleaseth more than ever! Is it not soe, sweet Moll?

"May I express thy feelings as well as my own unblamed, or am I too adventurous? You are silent; well, then let me believe we think alike, and that ye emotions of ye few laste hours have given such an impulse to all that is high, and sweete, and deepe, and pure, and holy in our innermoste hearts as that we seeme now only first to taste ye *life of life*, and to perceive how much nearer earth is to heaven than we thought! Is it soe? Is it soe?" And I was constrained to say "yes" at I scarcelie knew what; grudginglie too, for I feared having once alreadie sayd "yes" too sone. But he saw naught amisse, for he was expecting naught amisse; so went on most like truth and love that looks could speake or words sounde.

"Oh, I know it, I feel it; henceforth there is a life reserved for us, in which angels may sympathize. For this most excelleut gift of love shall enable us to read together ye whole booke of sanctity and virtue, and emulate each other in carrying it into practice; and as the wise Magians kept their eyes steadfastlie fixed on ye star, and followed it righte on, through rough and smoothe, soe we, with this bright beacon, which indeed is set on fire of heaven, shall pass on through ye peaceful studies, surmounted adversities, and victorious agonies of life, ever looking steadfastlie up!"

All this, and much more, as tedious to heare as to write, did I listen to, first with flagging attention, next with concealed weariness; and as weariness, if indulged, never *is* long concealed, it so chanced, by ill-luck, that Mr. Milton suddainlie turned his eyes from heaven upon poor me, caughte, I can scarcely express how slighte, an indication of discomfo-te in my face; and instantlie a cloud crossed his owne, though as thin as that through which ye sun shines while it floats over him. Oh! 'twas not of a moment; and yet *in that moment* we seemed each to have seen ye other, though but at a glance, under new circumstances; as though two persons at a general ball-room or public festival, instead of a strictly private one, had met, and not dream no more of each other, and I took payns to make him forget it, I never could be quite sure whether he had.

* * * My spiritts were so dashed by this, and by learning his age to be so much more than I had deemed it, (tor he is thirty-five! who could have thought it?) that I had thenceforth the aire of being much more discrete and pensive than belongeth to my nature: whereby he was perhaps well pleased. As I became more grave he became more gay; soe that we met each other, as it were, half way, and became righte pleasant. If his countenance was comely before it is quite heavenly now; and yet I question whether my love increaseth as rapidlie as my care. Surelie my folly will prove as distasteful to him as his overmuch wisdom to me. The dread of it hath alarmed me alreadie. What has become even now of all my gay visions of marriage of London, and ye play houses, and ye towre? They have faded away thus earlie, and in their place comes a foreboding of I can scarce say what. I am, as if a child, receiving from some old fairy ye gift of what seemed a fayre's doll's house, shoulde hastilie open ye door thereof, and starte back at beholding naught within but a huge cavern, deepe, high, and vaste; in parte glittering with glorious chrystals and ye rest hidden in obscure darkness.

May 24th.—Deare Rose came this morning. I flew forthe to welcome her, and as I drew near, she look't upon me with such a kind of awe as that I could not forbeare laughing. Mr. Milton having slept at Sheepscote, had made her privy to our engagement; for, indeede, he and Mr. Agnew are such friends, he will keep nothing from him. Thus Rose heares it before my owne mother, which shoulde not be. When we had entered my chamber, she embraced me once and agyn, and seemed to think soe much of my uncommon fortune that I beganne to think more of it myselfe. To heare her talk of Mr. Milton, one would have supposed her more in love with him than I. Like a bookworm as she is, she fell to prayising his composures. "Oh, the leaste I care for him is his versing," quoth I: and from that moment a spirit of mischiefe tooke possession of me, to do a thousand heedlesse, ridiculous things throughout ye day, to show Rose how little I set by the opinion of soe wise a man. Once or twice Mr. Milton look't earnestlie and questioninglie at me, but I heeded him not. * * * * Discourse at table graver and less pleasant, methoughte, than heretore. Mr. Busire having dropt in, was advised to ask Mr. Milton why, having had an university education, he had not entered ye church. He replied, drylie enough, because he woulde not subscribe himselfe *slave* to anie formularies of men's making. I saw father bite his lip; and Roger Agnew mildly observed, he thought him wrong; for that it was not for an individual to make rules for another individual, but yet that ye generall voice of the wise and good, removed from ye pettie prejudices of private feeling, mighte pronounce authoratively wherein an individual was righte or wrong, and frame laws to keepe him in the righte path. Mr. Milton replyed, that manie fallibles cd no more make an infallible than manie finites could make an infinite. Mr. Agnew rejoyned, that ne'ertheless, an individual who opposed himselfe agaynst ye generall current of ye wise and good, was, leaste, of all, likelie to be in the right; and that ye limitations of human intellect which made yé judgment of manie wise men liable to question, certainlie made ye judgment of *anie* wise man, self-depent, more questionable still. Mr. Milton shortlie replied, that there were particulars in ye required oaths, which made him unable to take them without perjurie. And soe, an end; but 'twas worth a world to see Rose looking soe anxiouslie from ye one speaker to ye other, desiring that each sd be victorious; and I was sorry that it lasted not a little longer.

As Rose and I took our way to ye summer house, she put her arm around me, saying "How charming is Divine philosophie!" I could not help asking if she did not mean how charming was ye philosophie of one particular divine. Soe then she discoursed with me of things more scemlie for woman than philosophie or divinitie either. Onlie, when Mr. Agnew and Mr. Milton joyned us, she would aske them to repeat one piece of poetry after another, beginning with Carew's—

He who loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a coral lip admires,—

And crying at ye end of each, "Is not that lovely? Is not that divine?" I frankliе sayd I liked none of them soe much as some Mr. Agnew had recited, concluding with

Mortals that would, follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.

Whereon Mr. Milton surprised me with a suddain kiss, to ye immoderate mirth of Rose, who sayd I coulde not have looked more discomposed had he pretended he was ye author of those verses. I afterwards found he *was;* but I think she laught more than there was neede.

We have ever been conside ed a sufficientlie religious familie; that is we go regularly to church on Sabbaths and prayer-days, and keepe alle ye fasts and festivals. But Mr. Milton's devotion hath attayned a pitch I can neither imitate nor even comprehende. The spirituall world seemeth to him not onlie reall, but I may almoste say visible. For instance, he told Rose, it appears, that on Tuesday nighte, (that is ye same evening I had promised to be his,) as he went homewards to his farm lodging, he fancied ye angels whispering in his eares, and singing over his head, and that instead of going to his bed like a reasonable being, he lay downe on the grass, and gazed at ye sweet pale moon till she sett, and then ye bright starres till he seemed to see them moving in a slowe solemn dance, to ye words, "How glorious is our God!" And alle about him, he said, he *knew*, tho' he coulde not see them, were spirituall beings repairing ye ravages of ye day on the flowers, among ye trees, and grasse and hedges; and he believed 'twas onlie the film that originall sin had spread over his eyes, that prevented his seeing them. I am thankful for this same filme—I cannot abide fairies and whitches, and ghosts—ugh! I shudder even to write of them; and were it onlie of the more harmless sort one would never have ye comforte of thinkinge to be alone. I feare church-yardes, and dark corners of alle kinds; more especially spiritts; and there is only one I wd even wish to see at my bravest, when deep love casteth out feare; and that is of sister Anne, whome I never associate with ye worm and winding sheets. Oh no! I think *she*, at least dwells among ye starres, having sprung straighte up into light and bliss the moment she put off mortalitie; and if she, why not others? Are Adam and Abraham alle these yeares in ye unconscious tomb? Theire bodies, but surelie not their spiritts? else why dothe Christ speake of Lazurus lying in Abraham's bosom while ye brothers of Dives are yet riotously living? Yet what becomes of the daye of generall judgment, if some be thus pre-judged? I must ask Mr. Milton—yes, I think I can find it in my hearte to aske him about this in some solemn, stille hour, and perhaps he will sett at rest manie doubts and misgivings, that at sundrie times trouble me; being soe wise a man.

Bedtime.

* * * Glad to steale away from ye noisie companie in ye supper-roome, (comprising some of father's fellow magistrates,) I went down with Robert and Kate to ye fish ponds; it was scarce sunset: and there, while we threw crumbs to fish and watched them come to the surface, were followed, or ever we were aware, by Mr. Milton, who sat down on the stone seat, drew Robin between his knees, stroked his haire, askt what we were talking about. Robin sayd I had been telling them a fairie storie; and Mr. Milton observed that was an infinite improvement on ye jangling, puzzle-headed, prating of country justices, and wished I woulde tell it agayne. But I was afrayd. But Robin had no feares; soe tolde ye tale roundlie; onlie he forgot ye end. Soe he found his way backe to ye middle, and seemed likelie to make it last alle night; onlie Mr. Milton sayd he seemed to have got into ye labyrinth of Crete, and he must for pitie's sake give him ye clew. Soe he finished Robin's story, and then told another, a most lovelie one, of ladies, and princes, and enchanters, and a brazen horse, and he sayd the end of *that* tale had been cut off too, by reason ;ye writer had died before he finished. But Robin cried, "Oh! finish this too," and hugged and kist him; soe he did; and methought ye end was better than ye beginninge. Then he sayd, "Now, sweet Moll, you have onlie spoken this hour past, by your eyes; and we must heare your pleasant voice." "An hour?" cries Robin. "Where are all ye red clouds gone, then?" quoth Mr. Milton, "and what business hathe ye moon yonder?" "Then we must go indoors?" quoth I. But they cried "No," and Robin helde me fast, and Mr. Milton sayd I might know even by distant sounds of ill-governed merriment, that we were winding up the week's accounts of joy and care more consistentlie where we were than we coulde doe in ye house. And indeede just then I hearde my father's voice swelling a noisie chorus; and hoping Mr. Milton did not distinguish it, I askt him if he loved musick. He answered, soe much that it was miserie for him to hear ye, that is, any, music, ye best, I father not onlie sang well, but played finely on ye viol and organ. Then he spake of ye sweet musick in Italy, until I longed to be there; but I tolde him nothing in its way ever pleased me more than to heare ye choiristers of Magdalen college usher in May day by chaunting a hymn at ye top of ye church towre. Discoursing of this and that, we thus sate a good while ere we returned to the house.

* * * Coming out of church he would shun ye common field, where ye villagery led up theire sports, saying, he deemed quoit-playing and ye like to be unsuitable recreations on a dave whereupon the Lord had restricted us from speakinge our own words and thinking our own (that is, secular) thoughts; and that he believed ye law of God in this particular would soon be the lawe of the land, for parliament would shortlie put down Sunday sports. I askt, "What, the king's parliament at Oxford?" He answered, 'No, *the country's* parliament at Westminster." I say'd I was sorrie, for many poor hard-working men had no other holiday. He sayd, another holiday would be given them; and that whether or no, we must not connive at evil, which we doe in permitting an *holydaye* to sink into a holiday. I sayd, but was it not ye Jewish law which had made such restrictions? He sayd yes, but that Christ came not to destroy ye moral law, of which sabbath-keeping was a part, and that even its natural fitnesse for the bodily welfare of man and beast was such as no wise legislator would abolish or abuse it, even had he no consideration for our spiritual and immortal part; and that 'twas a well-known fact that beasts of burthen which had not one daye of rest in seven, did loose work in ye end. As for our soules, he sayd, they required theire spiritual meales as much as our bodies required theires; and even poore, rusticall clownes, who could not read, might nourish their better parts by an holie pause, and by looking within them, and arounde them, and above them. I felt inclined to tell him that long sermons always seemed to make me loye God less instead of more, but woulde not, fearing he might take it that I meant *he* had been giving me one.

Monday.—Mother hath returned. The moment I hearde her voice I fell to trembling. At the same moment I hearde Robin cry, "Oh, mother, I have broken the green beaker!" which betraid apprehension in another quarter. However, she quite middlie replied, "Ah, I knew the handle was loose," and then kiss me with soe great affection that I felt quite easie. She had beene withheldе by a troublesome colde from returning at the appointed time, and cared not to write. 'Twas just super-time, and there were the children to kiss and to give theire bread and milk, and Bill's letter to reade; so that nothing particular was sayd till the younger ones were gone to bed, and father and mother were taking some wine and toast. Then says father, "Well, wife, have you got the five hundred pounds?" "No," she answers, rather carelesslie. "I tolde you how 'twould be," says father:" you might as well have staid at home. "Really, Mr. Powell," says mother, "soe seldom as I stir from my owne chimney-corner, you needs not to grudge me, I think, a few days among our mutual relatives." "I shall goe to gaol," says father. "Nonsense," says mother; "to gaol indeed!" "Well, then, who is to keepe me from it?" says father, laughing. "I will answer for it, Mr. Milton will wait a little longer for his money," says mother, "he is an honourable man, I suppose." "I wish he may think me one," says father; "and as to a little longer, what is ye goode of waiting for what is as unlikely to come eventuallie as now?" "You must answer that for yourselfe," says mother, looking wearie: "I have done what I can, and can do no more." "Well, then, 'tis luckie matters stand as they do," says father, "Mr. Milton has been much here in your absence, my dear, and has taken a liking to our Moll; soe, believing him, as you say, to be an honourable man, I have promised he shall have her." "Nonsense," cries mother, turning red and then pale. "Never farther from nonsense," says father, "for 'tis to be, and by ye ends of ye month too?" "You are bantering me, Mr. Powell," says mother. "How can you suppose soe, my deare?" says father, "you do me injustice."—"Why, Moll!" cries mother, turning sharplie towards me, as I sat mute and fearfulle, "what is alle this, child! You cannot, you dare not think of wedding this round-headed puritan." "Not round-headed," sayd I, trembling; "his haire is as long and as curled as mine." "Don't bandy words with me, girl," says mother, passionately, "see how unfit you are to have a house of your owne, who cannot be left in charge of your father's for a fortnighte, without falling into mischief?" "I won't have Moll chidden in that way," says father; "she has fallen into noe mischief, and has been a discreete and dutiful childe." "Then it has beene all your doing," says mother, "and you have forced the child into this match." "Noe forcing whatever," says father, "they like one another, and I am very glad of it, for it happens to be very convenient." "Convenient, indeed," repeats mother, and falls a weeping. Thereon I must needs weeps to, but she says, "Begone to bed; there is no neede that you should sit by to heare your owne father confess what a fool he has beene."

To my bedroom I have come, but cannot yet seek my bed; ye more as I still heare their voices in contention below.

Tuesday.—This morning's breakfaste was moste uncomfortable I feeling like a checkt child scarce minding to looke up or to eat. Mother witheyes red and swollen, scarce speaking save to the children; father directing his discourse chieflie to Dick, concerning farm matters and ye rangership of Shotover, tho' 'twas easie to see his mind was not with them. Soe soone as alle had dispersed to theire customed taskes, and I was loitering at ye window, father calls aloud to me from his study. Thither I go, and find him and mother, she sitting with her back to both. "Moll," says father, with great determination, "you have accepted Mr. Milton to please yourself, you will marry him out of hand to please me." "Spare me, spare me, Mr. Powell," interrupts mother, "if the engagement may not be broken off, at the leaste precipitate it not with this indecent haste. Postpone it till ——" "Till when?" says father. "Till the child is old enough to know her owne mind." "That is, to put off an honourable man on false pretences," says father; "she is olde enough to know it alreadie. Speake, Moll, are you of your mother's mind to give up Mr. Milton altogether?" I trembled, but sayd, "No." "Then, as his time is precious, and he knows not when he may leave his home agayn, I save you the trouble, child, of naming a day, for it shall be the Monday before Whitsuntide." Thereat mother gave a kind of groan; but as for me, I had like to have fallen on ye ground, for I had not thought of suche haste. "See what you are doing, Mr. Powell," says mother, compassionating me, and raising me up, though somewhat roughlie; "I prophecie evil of this maten." "Prophets of evil are sure to find listeners," says father, "but I am not one of them;" and soe left ye room. Thereon my mother, who alwaies feares him when he has a fit of determination, loosed the bounds of her passion, and chid me so unkindlie, that, humbled and mortified, I was glad to seeke my chamber.

* * * Entering ye dining room, however, I uttered a shriek on seeing father fallen back in his chair, as though in a fit, like unto that which terrified us a year ago; and mother hearing me call out, ran in, loosed his collar, and soone broughte him to himselfe, tho' not without much alarm to alle. He made light of it himselfe, and sayd 'twas merelie a sudd n rush of blood to ye head, and would not be dissuaded from going out; but mother was playnly smote at the heart, and having lookt after him with some anxietie exclaimed "I shall neither meddle nor make more in this businesse; your father's suddam seizures shall never be layd at my doore;" and soe left me, till we met at dinner. After the cloth was drawne, enters Mr. Milton, who goes up to mother, and with gracefulness kisses l er hand; but she withdrewe it pettishly, and took up her sewing, on the which he lookt at her wonderingly and then at me; then at her agayne, as though he would reade her whole character in her face; which having seemed to doe, and to write ye same in some private page of his heart, he never troubled her or himself with further comment, but took up matters just where he had left them last. Ere we parted we had some private conference touching our marriage, for hastening which he had soe much to say that I could not long contend with him, especiallie as I founde he had plainlie made out that mother loved him not.

Wednesday.—House full of companie, leaving noe time to write nor think. Mother sayth, tho' she cannot forebode an happy marriage, she will provide for a merrie wedding, and hathe growne more than commonlie tender to me, and given me some ..... Satiin for a gown, that will stand on end with its owne richness. She hath me constantlie with her in ye kitchen, pastrie, and store-room, telling me 'tis needfulle I shoulde improve in housewiferie, seeing I shall soe soone have a home of my owne.

But I think mother knows not, and I am afeared to tell her, that Mr. Milton hath no house of his owne to carry me to, but onlie lodgings, which have well suited his bachelor state, but may not, 'tis likelie, beseeme a lady to live in. He deems so himselfe, and sayeth we will look out for an hired house together, at our leisure. Alle this he hath sayd to me in an undertone, in mother's presence, she sewing at ye table and we sitting in ye window; and 'tis difficult to tell how much she hears, for she will aske no questions, and make no comments, onlie compresses her lips, which makes me think she knows.

The children are in turbulent spiritts; but Robin hath done nought but mope and make moan since he learnt he must soe soone lose me. A thought hath struck me—Mr. Milton educates his sister's sons; two lads of about Robin's age. What if he woulde consent to take my brother under his charge? Perhaps father would be willing.

Saturday.—Last visitt to Sheepscote—at leaste, as *Mary Powell;* but kind Rose and Roger Agnew will give us the use of it for a week on our marriage, and spend the time with dear father and mother, who will neede their kindnesse. Rose and I walked long about ye garden, her arm round my neck; and she was avised to say,

Cloth of frieze be not too bold,
Tho' thou be matcht with cloth of gold—

And then craved my pardon for soe unmannerly a rhyme, which indeede, methoughte, needed an excuse, but expresst a feare that I knew not (what she called) my high destiny, and prayed me not to trifle with Mr. Milton's feelings nor in his sighte, as I had done ye day she dined at Forest Hill. I laught, and sayd, he must take me as he found me; he was going to marry Mary Powell, not ye Wise Widow of Tekoah. Rose lookt wistfullie, but I bade her take heart, for I doubted not we should content eache ye other; and for the rest her advice shoulde not be forgotten. Thereat she was pacyfied.

May 22d—All e bustle and confusion—slaying of poultrie, makinge of pastrie, etc. People coming and going, prest to dine and to sup, and refuse, and then stay; ye colde meats and wines ever on ye table; and in ye evening, the rebecks and recorders sent for that we may dance in ye hall. My spiritts have been most unequall; and this evening I was overtaken with a suddain faintnesse, such as I never but once before experienced. They would let me dance no more; and I was quite tired enough to be glad to sit aparte with Mr. Milton neare the doore, with ye moon shining on us; untill at length he drew me out into ye garden. He spake of happiness and home, and hearts knit in love, and of heavenlie espousals, and of man being ye head of ye woman, and of our Lord's marriage with ye Church, and of white robes, and the bridegroom coming in clouds of glory, and of ye voice of singing men and singing women, and eternal spring, and eternal blisse, and much that I cannot call to mind, and other-much that I coulde not comprehende, but which was in mine ears as ye song of birds, or falling of waters.

23d—Rose hath come, and hath kindlie offered to help pack ye trunks, (which are to be sent off by the waggon to London,) that I may have ye more time to devote to Mr. Milton. Nay, but he will soon have all my time devoted to himself, and I would as lief spend what little remains in mine accustomed haunts, after mine accustomed fashion. I had purposed a ride on Clover this morning, with Robin; but ye poor boy must I trow be disappointed.

——And for what? Oh me! I have hearde such a long sermon on marriage-duty and service, that I am faine to sit down and weepe. But no, I must not, for they are waiting for me in ye hall, and ye guests are come and ye musick is tuning, and my lookes must not betray me. And now farewell, Journall; for Rose, who first bade me keep you, (little deeming after what fashion,) will now pack you up, and I will not close you with a heavie strayn. Robin is calling me beneath ye window—Father is sitting in ye shade, under the old pear-tree, seemingly in gay discourse with Mr. Milton. To-morrow ye village bells will ring for th marriage of

MARY POWELL.

PEACE AND WAR IN PARLIAMENT.

"INTERNATIONAL arbitration is very well says JONES, "but really MR. COBDEN, this is not the time—with the Continent in volcanic eruption—this is not the time to press it."

"A fire-engine," says TOMKINS, "is an admirable invention; an excellent sort of thing indeed, but with that sugar-bakehouse in a conflagration, you'd never think of bringing the engine out."—Surely TOMKINS has herein as much reason on his side as JONES.

Mr. Borrer in his book on the Kabyle War, gave among other pictures, one in blood and fire, of a household massacred. Young girls outraged, then murdered—an old man with his throat cut—an infant bayonetted—and, indeed, the whole burning household, as the devils in uniform pleasantly expressed it, prettily cleaned out—yes, *joliment nettoye*.

We apprehend that the spectator of such demons' work, such blasphemy legalised by war, would, from the very contemplation of the outrage, feel a stronger yearning towards peace. Brought face to face with horror, he would surely be more prone to denounce murder upon system, to the flutter of flags and the piping of music,—than if merely contemplating the probability of future homicide.

Therefore should the voice of peace uttered by England be greeted as more musical, more hopeful, because rising above the roar of continental artillery. With three parts of Europe drunk with blood with hundreds of thousands of men arrayed for mutual murder,—is it nothing that England should denounce the unrighteous, brutalising struggle, as a blasphemous mockery of that Christianity, to which we indeed rear thousands of temples,—and in the name of which we retain a bench of bishops and a crowd of priests,—but which we violate with every aggressive gun that is is fired, with every sword that is drawn? The cannon ever roars a lie to the church bell.

When armies are fighting, it is folly to talk of peace, say gunpowder reasoners. When men are famishing, it is not the time to give them food. When men are sick, it is absurd and intrusive to call in a physician. When men are naked, it is preproste-rous to think to clothe them. Such is the equal reasoning.

Mr. Cobden was very wrong to bring in his Arbritration Motion with the whole Continent rocking with artillery. He ought to have waited for days of quiet—of Arcadian peace. And then—yes, and then—some smug dialectician would have wondered at the busy-body inteference of the Honourable Member for the West Riding, "Was not all the world quiet? Did not the golden age brood upon the earth? Why such unnecessary prattling about peace, when no rational being entertained a thought of war?" Either way the question was sure to be held absurd—inopportune.

Captain Harris, an officer who evidently sees deeper into a cannon ball than short-sighted civilians, detected in Mr Cobden's motion nothing more than an attempt to bring about a republic! Thus monarchy depends upon war: the unicorn as well as the lion is a carnivorous beast, and feeds on the carcases of animals: if such be the case, surely English monarchs ought not to be crowned in Westminster Abbey, but in Woolwich Arsenal.

We once met with a profound moralist and philosopher—a man who saw into the very "pulse of the machine" of political and social life,—who declared it to be his unalterable opinion that all the evils suffered in our present hard condition of society, originated solely with the invention of Adelaide boots. We know not how he supported his theory; but we think it equally tenable with the republic of Captain Harris.

Happily, however, war is no longer a royal question. The people (we speak particularly of Englishmen) have, with other matters, made war a concern of their own. *Ultima ratio regum!* The "last reasoning of kings," is the wise legend to be found on certain pieces of artillery. Mixed folly and falsehood! Homicide was not the last, but generally the first reasoning of kings. And what a fine satire in a phrase. Reasoning—royal reasoning—in slaughter! Then wolves reason, and tigers deliberate—But we now interpret *Ultima ratio regum* with a difference: not the Last Reasoning of Kings, but the First Sufferings of Peoples.

There was, we feel assured, great disappointment at the mode in which Mr. Cobden shaped his motion. He did not appear on the floor of the House to the eye of philosophic and imaginative members as an inhabitant of Utopia and Atlantis. Neither did his lunacy manifest itself of that harmless kind that finds a solace and employment in the mere picture relief of the more pious and more religious members—preach the perfectability of man: a theory that ever awakens the indignation of some of your most excellent people, who seem never so satisfied with the condition of humanity, as when assured of its incurable ignorance and sinfulness. Mr. Cobden took a business-like view of the question, and by the practicability of his notions obtained the expressed goodwill—could more be expected?—of the Prime Minister, and the Foreign Secretary. For ourselves, we entirely accord with the position of Mr. Cobden; and have a most cheerful faith in the ultimate prosperity of his doctrines; for they are mingling themselves with the best thoughts of the people, who are every day more and more assured, that whatever may be the cause of war, they are the first sacrificed for it: it is they who pay the cost. Just as the sheep is stripped of its skin for the noisy barbarous drum to beat the lie of glory—so are the people stripped to pay for music.

The romance of one era is the reality of the next. The Arbritration Question has taken root and will grow and spread. They show a cedar in the Garden at Paris—a cedar of the hugest girth and widest shade—that, some century ago, was brought from London in the cap of a traveller.

The olive twig, planted by Mr. Cobden in Westminster, will flourish despite the blighting wit of mess-rooms, and rise and spread into a tree that shall offer shade and security to all nations.—*Punch.*

The last number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* gives the following very perfect specimen of bathos, and capital hit at the cant of Bibliolatry:

"S' A-A-RCH THE SKRIPTERS-AH!"

There is a very touching and we have no doubt authentic story just now going the rounds of the religious and secular press, entitled '*The Old Family Bible*;' to the effect, namely, that on the banks of the Wabash, the effects of a poor widow, who had been left comparatively destitute at the death of her husband, had been seized by the sheriff for debt, and were being sold at auction; and among these effects an old family Bible was put up for sale. She begged the constable to spare this memento of her dear and honoured parents, but he was inexorable. The Good Book was about going for a few shillings, when the widow suddenly snatched it, and, declaring that she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they each called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's hand writing, were the following words. 'When sorrow overtake ye, seek your Bible.' And on the other, in her father's hand: 'Your father's ears are never deaf.' The sale was immediately stopped, and the Family Bible given to its faithful owner. 'Hence we view,' is the corollary derived from this incident, by several religious journals, the great good to be derived from examining the Bible.' The pecuniary turn given to this anecdote, reminds us very forcibly of a story which our departed friend, the lamented Henry Inman, used to relate, with inimitable effect, of an illiterate English Methodist minister of the West, who one night, at a class meeting, related the following affecting circumstance: It is but a little while-ah, since I was travelling along one of your great revers-ah, surrounded by the deep forest; I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side-ah, and there I found a poor family in gre-a-a-t affliction-ah. They were all sick; their children were shivering and starving; their heads frowzy and dirty; and I was informed by the mother that thay had *lost their fine-tooth-comb-ah!* They was ignorant of the go-spel, and didn't seem to care about it, 'ither; for when I reasoned with 'em-ah, the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine tooth comb-ah!—'Have you the Bible in your cabin?' said I to her, says I-ah; says she, 'Yes, theer it is, up theer on the catch-all-ah,' pointing to a narrow shelf over the smoky fire-place, 'but we don't often read into it-ah: ha'nt read any on't but once-t, when our little Bill died with the ager, for as much as tew months-ah!' I got onto a die-tub, my friends, that stood in the corner, and reached up and took down the bless